1

MANET

9

JUNE

NORTH QUINCY HIGH

3

2

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EDWIN S. WHITE

ALLAN R. WHITE

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Contrary to the thoughts of many students music appreciation is in no way connected with harmony, except that they both come under the big heading of music. One can study music appreciation without even the slightest knowledge of harmony.

In the first year music appreciation students spend their time in listening to music. They listen to various orchestras and bands. They learn to listen for what is good in music, and to appreciate it when they have found it. The second year is spent in studying the history of music, its developments, and the histories of symphonies and operas. A study of the lives of composers occupies the mind of the student during the third year.

Remember, not only those who plan to go into a musical profession need take these subjects, for they provide a cultural background and increase the intelligence of any person, no matter in what path he chooses to walk.

Besides the subjects enumerated above, we have our school orchestras and glee club. The orchestra will welcome any one who is capable of playing the music and who is willing to work. You may be assured that if you like to play music you will get the maximum of enjoyment from the orchestra. We have now a first orchestra and a second, or feeding orchestra, in which players are trained for the first orchestra. In the near future it is our hope to have a senior orchestra, a junior orchestra, a feeding orchestra and a band. We ardently hope that it won't be long before they are developed.

The ninth and tenth grade boys may join the Quincy High School Band if they are capable of the work and there are any vacancies.

The glee club has in the past put on Christmas and Spring operettas. On account of the change of teachers we were not able to have a Spring operetta. But we do sing, and our instructor surely can pick out the songs suitable for the whole club. I am quite confident that no one in the club begrudges the hour a week required of him.

I hope this article has enlightened you on the subject of music in the North Quincy High School. Shall we see you in music next fall?

Robert B. Keith.

"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP"

During the past three months the boys and girls of the ninth and tenth grades have been sending for catalogs from various schools and colleges throughout the country so that they may choose wisely in planning their courses for next year.

In following the old adage "Look before you leap," much trouble and confusion is curbed which might ruin a whole career. The loss of a year in preparation for a college or university may cost the applicant his place and it will have to be sacrificed to someone who is prepared. A loss of a year in preparation for a business school may cause the person an unnecessary expenditure of time and money.

But before the house, must come the foundation; and so before business school, college or university, must come high school and graduation. The requirements are fair and with a little forethought and planning may be comfortably fulfilled.

Eighty points are required to obtain a diploma from high school. From fourteen to twenty-three and one-half of these may be earned in the ninth grade. A Certificate of Attainment is awarded to those in the ninth grade who earn twenty points. For the diploma a minimum of thirty-five points is required in the tenth, a minimum of fifty-five in the eleventh and finally eighty full points in the twelfth.

In addition to the credits for regular studies additional points may be earned for regular attendance, satisfactory conduct, regular attendance at band, glee club, or orchestra, and the outside study of music—lessons in the home. It is interesting to note that one-fourth of the total points required for the diploma may be earned through the study of music, either in school or at home.

Anna Cummings.

Drawn by Edith Zottoli

POETRY CONTEST

POETRY CONTEST

Twenty-nine poems were submitted for the poetry contest. They were judged by the following committee of teachers: Miss Parker, Miss Beesley, Miss Bennett. Decisions were based on the following points: depth of poetic feeling, beauty of diction, and ability to handle verse forms.

The committee hopes that contests of this type will continue and that the response will be continually greater.

The first prize was awarded to Elizabeth H. Balcom for her poem "Idyll"; the second prize was awarded to Elizabeth Ogilvie for her poem, "In My Garden When It Rains."

Honorable mention was given to Mabel MacDonald for "The Maple Tree's Story," and to Priscilla Wallace for "Peace."

IDYLL

ELIZABETH H. BALCOM

I saw Ramazan's pale moon encircle a lotus bud;
The jasmine dropped its petals, purple stains on the
whiteness of her hands.
The cicada's shrill song trembled—silver sweet
Dividing that one still moment apart from all eternity.

IN MY GARDEN WHEN IT RAINS

ELIZABETH OGILVIE

A thousand fairy fingers
Tap at my window panes,
And patter on the broad green leaves
In my garden, when it rains.
The flowers in my garden
Bend over as in pain;
And the branches whisper gaily
In my garden, when it rains.
And when I lie in bed at night
I hear tapping, fairy canes;
But I know it's only raindrops
In my garden, when it rains.
For such a little boy as I,
Though much this world contains,
I think there's nothing nicer
Than my garden, when it rains.

THE MAPLE TREE'S STORY

MABEL MACDONALD

Close by my door stands a maple tree
With branches leaved anew;
Those branches wave and talk to me,
And tell me stories, too.
They tell me of the gentle showers,
And of the sun's warm rays
That call to life the trees and flowers
In spring-time's happy days.
And lightly tossing to and fro,
They beckon me: "Come near,"
And, downward swaying, soft and low
They whisper in my ear:
"Look up," they say, "look up and see
The treasure in the maple tree;
Three little birds still scantily dressed,
Safely tucked in a cozy nest.
"Babies, yet, too young to sing,
Sleep all day 'neath mother's wing.
Wait, good comrade, bye and bye
Baby birds shall learn to fly.
"Then you shall see them fully dressed
With gray-brown coat and crimson vest,
No longer 'neath their mother's wing;
They, too, have learned to soar and sing.
"Again next year, in the month of May,
When our gold-green foliage we display,
When up from our roots frail shoots we fling,
Arrayed in the virgin robes of Spring—
"Once more look up 'midst our leaves and see
The treasure of the maple tree."
With swaying limbs and fluttering leaves
Does my friend, the maple tree,
Its ever-welcome story
Of Springtime tell to me.
In confid ntial whispers,
When the breeze is soft and low,
In louder and more vigorous tones
When the merry winds do blow.
And the power, love, and wisdom
Of the Father I can see
In His handiwork, all nature,
And its perfect harmony.

PEACE

PRISCILLA WALLACE

All that was desired was to forget,
To forget, if but for an instant, the past,
To live, if but for an instant, in the present,
To plan, if but for an instant, of the future.
The man lay upon the warm, white sand,
And gazed unseeingly at the long expanse of sky.
And gradually there came peace,
Not an ugly thing marred the beauty of that peace.
Not a sound broke the silence of that day.
Not a person was in sight but that man,
Who lay upon the warm, white sand,
And gazed, a new hope in his eyes, at the sky.
Suddenly something appeared on the horizon,
At first it was as if a speck,
And then took on the aspect of a bird,
And finally swept down from that sky an eagle,
And carried from its tiny nest a little bird.
And the man lay upon the warm, white sand,
And gazed unseeingly at the long expanse of sky.

9–1

Ruth A. Agnew "Johnny"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Wilfred E. Bettoney "Ivanhoe"
Madeline S. Boudreau "Boody"
Raymond P. Caseley "Ray"
Marjorie L. Clancy
High Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Ethelyn Cochrane "Ecky"
Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Warren DeLaney
Francis B. Dorn
Honor Roll, Grade —
Leon E. Dunbar "Peewee"
Frank J. Dunlavy
Honor Roll, Grade 7; First Orchestra.
Albert F. Edson "Al"
Baseball; Basketball; Soccer; Archery Club; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Isabel W. Friel "Ella"
Honor Roll, Grades 8 and 9.
Anita I. Giardino "Nita"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Marion Gifford
Eleanor Grandy
Edward B. Hall "Eddie"
Debating Team; First Orchestra; "Manet" Assistant Club Editor; Honor Roll, Grade 8.
George L. Hill
High Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9; Honor Roll, Grade 8.
Eileen Homan High Honor, Grades 7, 8, 9.
Donald E. Kent
High Honor Roll, Grade 7; Honor Roll, Grade 8.
George Kimball
Frederick A. Little "Fred"
First Orchestra; Honor Roll, Grade 7.
A. Rosemary Longridge
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Bernice E. Lyford
"Manet" Art Editor; High Honor Roll, Grade 9; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
David H. Macomber
Edward C. McNally "Ed"
Athletic Council; Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Dorothy A. Morse "Dot"
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Joseph R. Nolan "Joe"
Student Council.
Carolyn L. Osgood
High Honor Roll, Grades 7, 8 and 9.
Winnifred I. Pratt "Winnie"
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
William M. Shaw "Bill"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Louise White
Honor Roll, Grades 8 and 9.

9–2

Greta B. Beach
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Marjorie E. Bennington "Migs"
Elinor L. Bruce "Dody"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Kathleen L. Buddenhagen "Kay"
Vice-President Ninth Grade Class; Student Council; Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Natalie G. Butler "Nat"
President Junior Glee Club.
Richard E. Carlson "Dick"
High Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Anna M. Cashman "Cashy"
Athletic Council; "Manet" Assistant Sports Editor; High Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Stanley V. Chase "Stan"
Edward W. Cook "Eddie"
Eleanor DeVries "Nunie"
Honor Roll, Grade 7; Student Council.
John L. Dowling "Johnny"
Rena R. Hayman "Renee"
High Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8; Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Grace C. Jackson "Gree"
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8; First Orchestra.
Charlotte L. Jay "Chardy"
William H. King "Kingy"
First Orchestra.
Alice E. Knight "Iggy"
Honor Roll, Grades 7, 8 and 9.
Pearl N. Lane
Dorothy H. Plummer "Dot"
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Stephen R. Putnam "Steve"
Wrestling Team.
Ralph A. Richardson "Richy"
Gardner Sletter "Gardie"
High Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Edward B. Willard "Eddie"
Arthur G. Winnett "Art"
President Chemistry Club; Honor Roll, Grades 7, 8 and 9.
Elsie O. Young "Minno"
High Honor Roll; Honor Roll.
Catherine M. Zottoli
Honor Roll, Grades 8 and 9; Basketball Team.

9–3

Marion P. Acker
"Manet" Assistant Art Editor.
Mildred L. Arion "Larrie Lou"
Elizabeth A. Blake "Betty"
Honor Roll, Grade 8.
John C. Blake
Honor Roll, Grades 8 and 9.
G. Fletcher Boynton "Fletch"
Alice E. Bridges "Al"
Elizabeth A. Buckley "Betty"
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Mary A. Carroll
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Charles E. Couillard "Charlie"
Baseball.
Graham J. Ewen
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Robert G. Fraser "Bob"
Helen Goode
Francis O. Hagerty
Anne T. Hall
Reginald Harding "Shrimp"
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
John F. Hyland "Hy"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Donald Macomber, Jr.
President Stamp Club.
Elizabeth M. Masterman "Betty"
Matthew McNeice "Mac"
George M. Neilson
"Manet" Advertising.
Ralph M. Paul "Wagon"
Hope N. Peterson
Arthur W. Starratt "Art"
Basketball.
Gilbert Syme "Symee"
Honor Roll, Grade —
Marie T. Tassinari "Tassie"
Helen M. Vandeleur "Van"
Secretary Ninth Grade Class; "Manet" School News Editor; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Ruth L. Vibert
Student Council.
Fred J. Walker
Basketball; "Manet" Advertising.
Betty Wallace
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Priscilla Wallace "Pat"
"Manet" Assistant Literary Editor; Honor Roll, Grade 7.

9–4

Harold S. Archer "Buster"
Letter-Art Poster.
Vincent C. Anderson
David R. Bennison "Benny"
John F. Begley "Johnnie"
Wrestling; Honor Roll, Grade 8.
Sidney C. Baumber "Sid"
Sauren P. Barsamian
Wrestling.
Fred Benington "Benny"
Student Council.
Charles J. Butler "Buddy"
Richard C. Brown "Dick"
Roger A. Crown
First Orchestra.
James C. Crowley "Jimmie"
Basketball; Letter for Soccer and Traffic.
Robert J. Cummings
Soccer and Wrestling.
Wilfred J. Cordeiro
Roger W. Engley
Letter for First Orchestra.
Kenneth A. Edson
Frank Finch "Finchie"
Kenneth P. Fallon, Jr. "K. P."
James W. Fay "Sonny"
Soccer; Basketball; Baseball; Honor Roll, Grades 8 and 9.
Verne Graves
Arnold H. Glazebrook "Bunny"
George H. Hutt
Basketball; Baseball.
Woodworth Jenkins "Jenk"
Treasurer of Ninth Grade Class; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9; First Orchestra; Letter for Traffic.
George V. Mathurin "Mutt"
Letter for Basketball, Baseball, Soccer.
George L. McAvoy "Mac"
First Orchestra; Senior High Band.
John D. MacKenzie "Jack"
Lothrop Smith "Smity"
Wrestling; Track.
Arthur C. Wesley "Art"
First Orchestra; Honor Roll, Grades 7, 8 and 9.
Henry T. Wirth
Track; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Harry C. Ward "Bunny"
Wrestling.

9–5

Elsie Alden "Else"
Marion L. Baker "Ma"
Eunice R. Bridgett "Eunie"
Eunice E. Belyea
Honor Roll, Grade 8.
Vanja A. Bloom "Van"
Honor Roll, Grade 8.
Grace E. Burrows "Poppy"
Doris L. Bull "Dot"
Beatrice M. Caddy "Bee"
Harriet L. Cleary "Happy"
Kenneth Cody "Ken"
Baseball; Basketball; Soccer.
Ruth G. Channell "Ruthie"
Eleanor F. Conley "Al"
Vincent Cragin "Vinny"
Basketball Manager.
William G. Crosman "Bill"
Jeannine R. Daigneault
Dorothy M. Ciardi "Dot"
Cheer Leader.
Bertha M. Cummings "Jerry"
Student Council.
Dorothy J. Cunningham "Dot"
John P. Cunniff "Johnny"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Edith M. Dartt "Edie"
Andrew J. Dooley "Andy"
President Readers' Club; High Honor Roll; Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Margery Drew "Margie"
Earle L. Gillis "Gilley"
Barbara V. Hall "Babs"
Charles A. Johnson
George Johnston
Wrestling.
Dorothy C. Jones "Connie"
Joseph I. Lamb, Jr. "Joe"
June B. Martin "Junebug"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Anna McNeice "Tootsie"
Honor Roll, Grade 8.
Albert J. Nelson "Al"
"Manet" Assistant Alumni Editor; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Dorothea E. Olberg "Spottie"
Ruth A. Pease "Peasie"
Dorothy M. Peterson "Dot"
Irene A. Peterson "Rene"
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Grace I. Prada "Red"
James F. Rumrill "Jimmy"
Walter S. Smeaton "Scottie"
Joseph E. Wiffler "Joe"

9–6

Delores K. Alvero "Del"
Mary M. Coughlin
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Evelyn E. Creedon "Billy"
Frances E. Curtis "Frannie"
Honor Roll, Grade 8.
Kathleen Curtis "Kay"
Irene R. Daigle
Francis H. Dennison "Rusty"
Frank F. Dinsmore "Admiral"
Gertrude M. Donahue "Gert"
Basketball.
Gertrude A. Duggan "Gert"
Jack W. Faghan "Popeye"
Mary A. Farrenkopt "Scottie"
Mary I. Fisher "Mayra"
Honor Roll, Grade 8.
John W. Graham "Wiggler"
Marjorie M. Granaham
Edith C. Grayson "Edie"
Charles L. Gerry "Charlie"
Soccer; Basketball; Baseball; Student Council; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Alice A. Gerstel "Al"
Bettina L. Hayden "Betty"
"Manet" Advertising Staff; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8; First Orchestra; High Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Dorothy L. Holmes "Dot"
Ruth Jenness
Grace Johnson "Johnnie"
Edith A. Leonard "Edie"
"Manet" Assistant Literary Editor; High Honor Roll, Grades 7, 8 and 9.
Eleanor M. McGuerty "Billie"
Donald McKinlay "Donnie"
Track.
William S. Merrill "Bill"
George T. Moody
Joseph J. Murphy "Chapie"
John C. Paulson "Bud"
Wrestling; President of Chess Club; Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Katherine Pitts "Kay"
Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Mary M. Purpora "May"
Gerald F. Quinn "Gerry"

Ethel M. Redford
Honor Roll, Grade 9.
M. Louise Robbins "Weezy"
Lillian G. Waal
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Ruth D. Welt
First Orchestra.
Peter J. Zoia "Pete"
Baseball.

9–7

Dorothy E. Bergeron "Dotty"
Everett Bostwick "Timmy"
Honor Roll, Grade 7; Track.
Gerald E. Carr "Gid"
Basketball; Baseball.
John R. Connors
Barbara Cushman "Babs"
Honor Roll, Grades 7, 8 and 9.
Margaret Downes "Peanuts"
Ruth M. Fell "Tootsie"
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Blanche C. Fox "Beeze"
Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Evelyn P. Fox
May L. Holt
Elva P. Horton "Frankie"
Honor Roll, Grade 9
Dorothy H. Jepson "Dolly"
Elta C. Johnson "El"
Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Edith A. Jones "Edie"
William H. King "Billy"
Wrestling; Track.
Caroline Knowles "Dollie"
Honor Roll, Grade 9; First Orchestra.
Betty T. Lambros "Teddy"
Honor Roll, Grade 8.
Lillian Lewis "Lil"
Flora M. MacDonald
John J. Nestor
Charles A. O'Neil "Big boy"
Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Frank W. Orcutt
Pearl E. Perry
Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 8.
Louise de Pouratalis "Weesie"
Richard C. Pugsley "Dick"
Baseball.
Ruth J. Riley "Georgie"
Honor Roll, Grades 8 and 9.

Clarence L. Roberts
First Orchestra.
Harold R. Rolfe "Rolfy"
Thomas J. Savage "Skipper"
Basketball; Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Lorenz C. Schroth "Sehrothy"
President Ninth Grade Class; Student Council; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Kathryn R. A. Shea "Kay"
John M. Smith "Sugar"
Soccer.
Matthew F. Smith "Mat"
Albert H. Soderberg "Pal"
Hillavi I. West "Sarah"
Student Council; Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Evelyn B. Zottoli "Blondy"

9–8

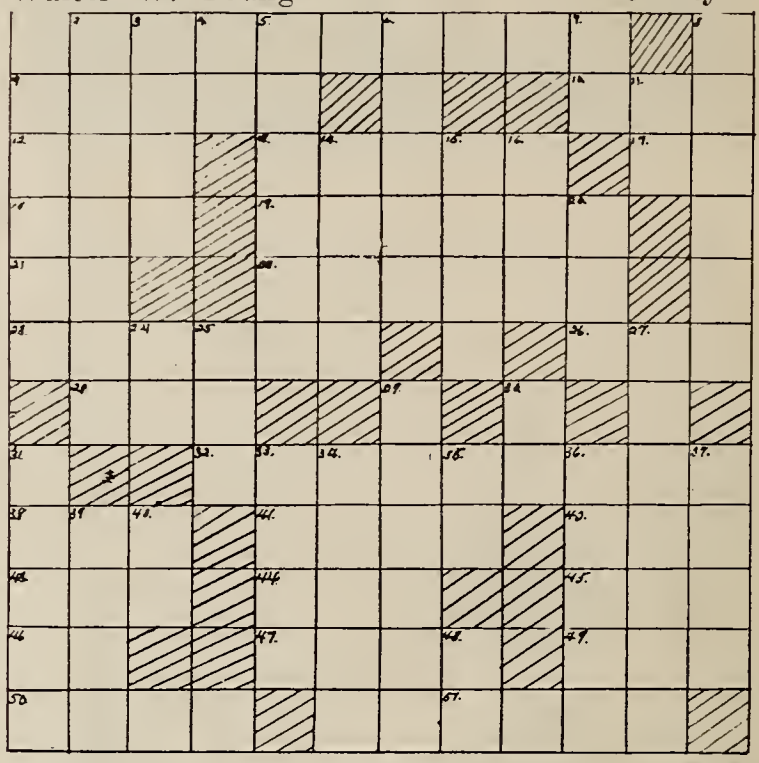
Phyllis E. Anderson "Phil"
Vincent K. Berberan "Dud"
President Model Boat Club.
Paul Bostwick
John N. Carr "Jack"
Baseball.
Walter F. Drohan "Wally"
Virginia D. Eddy "Gini"
First Orchestra.
Roy E. Ericson "Eric"
Elizabeth A. Foster "Betty"
Paul E. J. Gallagher
Grace E. Gaskell "Snooks"
President Short Story Club.
Edna M. Lahey "Eddie"
Roy H. Larson "Ring"
Roy Lindholm "Lindy"
Elizabeth M. Lyons "Betty"
Marie J. MacBride "Ree"
John Martin "Pepper"
Harriette R. Maxwell "Happy"
Nancy L. Maw "Lee"
Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Helen J. McCarthy
Rosemary A. McCauley "Sunny"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Helen E. McCulley
Dorothy McDevitt "Dot"
Lucy P. Melanson "Lu"
Mary A. Mullaney
Dorothy Nash
Helen L. Nix

Mary Randolph "Randy"
James Robertson "Scotty"
Barbara Ross "Bobby"
Anna M. Rull "Ann"
Gladys E. Simpson "Giggles"
Ruth Strasburg
Ruth M. Todd "Ruthie"
"Manet" Staff Advertising; Honor Roll, Grades 7 and 9.
Doris J. Traub "Dot"
Honor Roll, Grade 7.
Agnes M. Walker "Aggie"
Student Council; Honor Roll, Grade 8.
Elizabeth M. Walsh "Betty"
Arden R. Yacobian "Ardie"
Edith M. Zottoli "Ginger"
"Manet" Staff Art Editor.

9–9

C. Kennth Allard "Ken"
Henry A. Allen
Student Council.
John Baldwin "Apple"
Hollis Seavy Batchelder "Batch"
Raymond Belding
George Bradley "Brad"
Clarence N. Chase "Dust"
Basketball: Letter Basketball.
Grover E. Clark "Sawhorse"
Baseball; Honor Roll, Grade 9; Letter Leaders' Club.
Peter J. Colligan "Pansy"
Soccer.
Steven L. Conroy "Sherra"
Baseball; Letter Basketball.
Dexter R. Dearing "Decky"
George A. Eddington
Soccer; Basketball.
Thomas Faherty
James C. Gillis
Letter Traffic.
Fdward Goodrich "Eddie"
Edward J. Griffin "Eddie"
Stanley G. Irwin
George S. Marriner "Bud"
Thomas Martin
Frank Martinson "Marty"
Ralph A. McLeod "Mack"
Basketball; Baseball; Soccer.
Samuel C. Miller "Sam"
George F. Moody "Brud"
Letter Traffic.

Earl P. Morse "Lefty"
William A. Mundie "Bill"
Richard E. Palmer "Dick"
Honor Roll, Grade 9.
Ralph W. Patten "Pat"
Sylvester W. Phelan "Syl"
Baseball.
Walter B. Powell
"Manet" Advertising.
Joseph Rogers "Joe"
Basketball; Baseball; Athletic Council; Honor Roll, Grades 7, 8 and 9; Letters Leaders' Club and Basketball.
William Schaller "Bill"
Letter Traffic.
F. Eaton Sherry
Kenneth E. Trott "Ken"
Robert F. Walsh "Bub"
Senior Baseball Manager; Senior Football Manager.
Walter W. Young "Shorty"



DEFINITIONS FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLE

DOWN

1 A body of persons
2 Beaming
3 A molding
4 Place (abbr.)
5 Antenna
6 What is the missing word, "Enoch ——"?
7 Athletic Association (abbr.)
8 Stick tightly to
11 Negative
14 Imitated
15 Cooled
16 Ontario Athletic Association (abbr.)
20 Confederate States of America (abbr.)
24 Symbol for iron
25 An idiotic fellow
27 Commanders'
29 Acquire knowledge
30 Correlative of either
31 Part of speech expressing action
33 Vermin
34 The main artery
35 Two opposite points of the compass
36 Native
37 Season of fasting
39 Contest of speed
40 Royal navy (abbr.)
48 Xavier (abbr.)
51 Brothers

ACROSS

1 Spreading of a doctrine
9 A bird of prey
10 Conjunction
12 Poem
13 Type of electric wave
17 Exclamation
18 Pastry
19 Plant root used as emetic
21 Note of the musical scale
22 Famous character of mythology
23 Enwrap
26 A beverage
28 Another beverage
32 Brotherly
38 Make a mistake
41 Ancient Order of United Workers (abbr.)
42 American humorist and playwright
43 Hurried
44 Turkish royal dragoons (abbr.)
45 Cardinal number
46 Boston College (abbr.)
47 Fabled River of the Dead
49 Skill
50 Places

RICHARD CARLSON, 9-2.

THERE'S NO PERFECT CRIME

Betty: "How did Mama find out you didn't really take a bath?"

Billy: "I forgot to wet the soap."—The Vanguard.

Parent: "My son has so many original ideas."

Teacher: "Yes, especially in arithmetic."—The Vanguard.

"How did you get that cut on your head?"

"Musta' bit myself."

"G'wan, how could you bite yourself away up there?"

"Musta stood on a chair."—The Vanguard.

"When he fell out of the window did he hurt himself?"

"No, he had on his light fall overcoat."—The Vanguard.

Hazel Borne

LITERARY

The following is quoted from Miss Slattery's talk:

THE WAYS

To every man there openeth
A way, and ways, and a way,
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A high way and a low,
And every man decideth
The way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham
From "Bees in Amber."

MEMORIAL DAY

M any men from far and wide,
E nter war and bravely died.
M any dreary days they lead,
O n the battle fields made red.
R oses, poppies nod their heads,
I n tribute to the soldiers dead,
A nd people praise their bravery,
L iving, dead, who made us free.

Hilda F. Goldberg, 7-5.

TO A MONKEY

The monkey is a funny beast
And how he loves a peanut feast,
His ears are short, his tail is long,
He never does a single wrong.
He loves to wear bright-colored hats
And own a pair of flannel spats,
He wears a curl upon his tail
And winds it 'round the iron rail.

Betty Marston, 7-1.

SUNSET AT WOODSTOCK, N. Y.

Woodstock, New York, looked beautiful at sunset. Trickling down the slope was a shallow stream filled with little cakes of ice. On its banks were many tall pine trees and the chill blast of the wind coming from the opposite bank left in its wake the odor of these pines. The snow covered valley was wrapped in solitude. Not a house dotted its solitary surface. Farther on a high snow-capped mountain seemed to stop people from coming into the isolated valley. The pure white snow was untrodden by human feet. Beyond the mountains the last rays of the setting sun shone like a rear guard of the army. Then all disappeared as the pursuing army of night took possession of Woodstock, New York. I am sure that nature could not have made a more solemn scene than this.

Michael McNeice, 7-8.

THE OPIUM ROUND-UP

On one foggy day in the early part of Autumn 1912, Tom Anderson and Mac Ferson were walking along the Boston wharfs talking about their school studies. A section in the wharf about twelve feet square opened and an old bent-over Chinaman emerged. On his face was a ghastly smile and in his mouth was a long opium pipe.

The boys, very much horrified, hid behind a cotton bale. After much silence Tom finally said, "I think I heard a sound from where that weird Chinaman came."

Mac listened intently and then he agreed. The sound, however, came from underneath the planks.

Both of the boys were very much excited now and hesitatingly these words came from Tom's lips. "You, you don't h-h-have to s-st-stay here; you g-go b-b-back for the cops."

Mac was off in an instant and he was at a corner in no time.

Tom fortified himself behind the bale just as the beat of the Chinaman's feet faded out of hearing. Mac came back a few minutes later with two cops and with the boys' help they pulled up the plank of the trap door. A low ceilinged room was revealed. In the far corner bound and gagged was Mac's friend, Jack Davis, the radio operator.

Jack's bonds were quickly cut and he was released. He said, "A gang of opium smugglers caught me and left me here." The smugglers were caught and the whole gang was rounded up.

Robert Navin, 7-1.

I paused for a moment to imbibe the beauty before me. A small weather beaten fishing schooner lay motionless as though in quiet slumber on the still silvery surface of the night-clad sea. The moon like a mother, so peaceful and gentle, kept peeking from behind passing clouds to see that her charge relaxed safely in undisturbed slumber through the night until duty called. I turned to go feeling at peace with my fellow men.

Eileen MacLeod, 7-8.

THE WHITE SPECTRE

What was the strange apparition that roamed the old mill every night? That was what Ted and Nora, both aged twelve, would

like to have known. They had been in twice, on different nightly occasions, had hidden, and had seen the "ghost" which always shuffled from one room to another. The children were filled with a secret desire to solve this mystery so had not told anyone of their discovery nor asked if anyone knew anything about it. They resolved that night to discover who the "ghost" was or die in the attempt.

It was about nine p. m. Two figures could be seen stealing silently out of the back door of a big house to an old mill. When they arrived at the mill, they climbed through an open window and sat down on some boxes. Suddenly, they heard a faint noise which sounded as though someone was walking about in the mill. The two ghost-hunters appeared rather startled, so in an effort to regain their lost courage they began to walk quietly up to the next floor. There they felt some sinister presence. Great was their dismay and terror when they heard the steady footsteps following them. They fairly flew up the following flights of stairs and then at last came to the top.

"We must hide," gasped Ned. Still their pursuer came nearer.

"Ned, I am not going to look," gasped panic-stricken Nora and hid her face in her hands. She knew perfectly well what the figure looked like. It was tall and dressed in white. It seemed to have no head, but two glaring eyes in the middle of its body. Just then she heard Ned gasp and say, "Well, who are you?" She looked up and saw a husky, middle-aged man.

"Why, I am the night-watchman," he replied and then chuckled. "A fine chase you two have led me."

"Oh, we thought you were a ghost," breathed Nora with a sigh of relief. The mystery was now solved.

The man was dressed in a white cape, under which he had a lantern. The light shone through the armholes which explained the glaring eyes. However, Nora declared then and there she was never going ghost hunting again, for she believed she had escaped from a terrible fate.

Mary Cassie, 8-6.

JIMMY'S HAUNTED HOUSE

Jimmy, with his father and mother had moved into a large house on the edge of a small town in New York. Many people said the house was haunted. When any family moved into the house they heard strange music which sounded like a violin. Jimmy liked the idea of living in a house that was haunted and wanted to solve the mystery.

One night Jimmy's mother heard some weird music. It seemed to come from afar and yet it sounded as if it might come from the basement of the house. Around midnight the music died away.

The large stone house was surrounded by a high wall. Jimmy was wondering just how high it was as he was standing among the flowers in the garden. Suddenly a figure in gray glided past him and before he could decide what to do the figure had gone. Jimmy searched all over the garden, but he could not find anyone.

"I wonder where he went?" he said to himself. "He couldn't climb over the wall."

When he told his mother that afternoon she said, "I don't see how it could disappear in the garden with such a high wall. But many strange things have happened."

Every time Jimmy's father had gone to the town his friends advised him to leave the house.

Three weeks later he decided to move because the strange noises and weird music had continued each night and they couldn't sleep.

At last the moving day came and Jimmy walked around the house for the last time. In the library he leaned against the wall and to his surprise a panel opened. Jimmy stepped into the dark passageway and as the panel closed behind him he heard the strains of the strange music floating down the passage. In the semi-darkness he could see many rooms. In the distance he could see a light and as he came closer he saw an old man with a beard standing beside a table and he was playing a violin! Jimmy couldn't believe his eyes. The man saw Jimmy and a surprised look came over his face.

"Come in, if you want to," he said and Jimmy walked slowly into the lighted room. Jimmy told the man how he came there. "Nobody knows I'm here," said the old man when Jimmy had finished speaking. "If you will promise not to tell anyone that I was the person who played the music, I will tell my story to you."

"I promise," said Jimmy promptly.

"Well, I am one of the brothers who lived in this house. As you probably know my brother and I quarreled. He went away and I haven't seen him since. I was broken-hearted and I lived by myself for years. Nobody knew I was here and when some people moved in here I tried to frighten them away with the violin and different noises. I am still hoping that my brother will return some day," he finished sadly.

"Where did you go when I saw you in the garden?" asked Jimmy.

"In the wall, there is an opening leading to this passage and I came through that," answered the man.

Jimmy suddenly remembered that his mother told him to hurry when he was walking around

the house or they would miss the train. He bade the old man good-bye and promised never to tell his secret.

Ever after that Jimmy felt very proud because he had solved the mystery of the haunted house.

Marion Cobb, 8-6.

THE WOODEN BOX

"Oh, Nancy," cried a small girl one snowy day in the heart of a forest, "I'm cold."

"I know, Dolores," answered the other, "but there's not a thing we can do about it now. I don't know why we didn't go straight home in the first place."

The two sisters had started out early that afternoon for home, after a visit to their aunt's house. They had decided to take the longer route through the forest. A storm had come up, and they were far from home.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, Dolores," cried Nancy, "we'll stop in that house over there." She pointed to a tumbled-down shack. "Maybe the owner will let us stay for the night."

The two girls ran to the shelter and knocked on the door.

"No one seems to be here," said Nancy. "Let's go in, I don't think the owner will mind just for this one night; we won't hurt anything."

She opened the door and they walked in. They entered a low-studded room which was meagerly furnished and very dusty. The whole atmosphere of the place was one of extreme desolation and almost gruesome in its aspect. Over in one corner was a pile of wood. In the centre of one of the walls was a fireplace.

"We'll build a fire and then we'll be nice and warm," said Nancy.

The two began piling wood into the fireplace. Suddenly Dolores stopped and exclaimed, "But we have no matches, Nancy!"

"Oh yes, I found some over here in the corner. I think some tramp must have stayed down here not long ago."

When the fire was built Nancy said, "You lie down, Dolores, and I'll stay awake and watch the fire. I don't think I can go to sleep anyway."

Dolores lay down, and Nancy, unfaithful to her resolve to keep watch all night, went to sleep.

In spite of the hardness of the floor, the sisters slept. Nancy awoke first and saw that the fire was out. Upon looking out the window she saw that the snow had stopped. She thought to herself, "I'll build a fire so that we can get warm before we start home. I'd better hurry and start building it before Dolores awakes. I wouldn't want her to know that I had gone to sleep and let the fire go out." She started carrying wood to the fireplace as quietly as possible so as not to waken Dolores, but in spite of all her precaution, Dolores awoke.

"Oh dear," she wailed, "I'm all sore from this hard floor."

"Well you can help me build the fire now that you're awake."

Dolores got up slowly, groaning all the while, and helped Nancy build the fire. Suddenly she cried, "O-oh, Nancy, look!" She held up a small wooden box.

"Open it," cried Nancy, "maybe it's a treasure."

The two children tugged at the lid of the box, but it wouldn't open.

"Never mind it now," said Nancy, "We won't bother with the fire. Put on your coat and hat and we'll go home. Dad will be able to open it."

The children were warmly greeted upon reaching home. After they had finished explaining and answering questions, Dolores held up the box and cried, "And here's the box. Oh, Dad, open it!"

Mr. Conglin took the box, and after tampering for a few miinutes with the lock, opened the box.

Everybody crowded around it and looked in. What do you suppose they saw? . . . a few common matches.

Siebert Fahey, 8-5.

THE REHEARSAL

"Oh, Ma, Ma," yelled Johnny as he came gaily home from school.

"What is it Johnny?" asked Mrs. Jones, Johnny's mother, who had been sewing.

"I'm going to be the gas man in a play."

"What do you have to do and say?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Oh, I don't have to do much and all I have to say is, 'Yes, ma'am, I'm the gas man to read the meter'," quoted Johnny.

"Your father and I will hear you recite it tonight. You must speak clearly and distinctly." Mrs. Jones advised.

"Yes ma'am, 'the gas man to read the meter'," Johnny practiced.

"That was all right, Johnny. If your going out you had better run up stairs and put on your old clothes."

"Yes ma'am, 'the gas man to read the meter'," practiced Johnny.

Johnny went out of the room to put on his old clothes. Mrs. Jones sat down again to sew.

"Hey Ma, where's my trousers, I can't find them?" Johnny yelled.

Mrs. Jones with a sigh called back, "In the closet. Look for them and you'll find them."

"Yes ma'am, 'the gas man to read the meter'," Johnny yelled.

"Johnny will you please stop saying that? I told you your father and I would hear you practice tonight," Mrs. Jones called back.

"Yes ma'am, 'I'm the gas'."

"Johnny," came from Mrs. Jones.

"Yes ma'am, 'I'm er,' I mean all right, Ma," spoke Johnny.

Just as Mrs. Jones started to sew again Johnny yelled, "Oh, Ma, where are my shoes?"

"They're way back in the closet," answered Mrs. Jones.

"Yes ma'am, 'I'm'."

"John Bailey Jones, you come down here this minute," Mrs. Jones called.

"Oh, Ma, I was only fooling," Johnny said.

"Well hurry if you're going out," urged Mrs. Jones.

Just then the bell rang.

"Hello, who's there?" called Mrs. Jones.

Two minutes later a very indignant man walked down the steps of the Jones house muttering to himself, "I wonder what's the matter with Mrs. Jones. All I said was, Yes ma'am, the gas man to read the meter."

Helen Allen, 8-6.

THE ADVENTURES OF DETECTIVES SLACK AND STEW

Slack and Stew were detectives. At least, that's what they called themselves, for they had just completed the last book of ten volumes entitled, "The Elements of a Good Detective." As we look in on Slack and Stew we find them preparing for their first case.

"Gee, Slack, wouldn't it be swell if we could catch that ring we read about?"

"Yeh, Stew, but we have to work fast if we want to win that five-hundred dollar reward."

"Do you think they'll be at the old house tonight, Slack?"

"Sure. That's the loneliest place around here and the newspaper said that they had their hide-out somewhere near here."

"Well, let's get going then. It's eleven o'clock now."

We next find Slack and Stew nearing an old tumble-down shack. It is pitch dark except for a dim flashlight which Slack is carrying. It is raining and in the distance we can hear the low, ominous rumble of thunder.

"Gosh we sure picked a fine night to start on our first case. C'mon, Stew, it's starting to pour."

The two detectives make their way to the old house. As they go up the steps a jagged streak of lightning flashes across the sky followed by a splitting crash of thunder. After entering the house they close the door and examine their surroundings.

"Gosh Slack, that gang won't come here tonight in this storm."

"No, I guess not, Stew. We might as well make up our minds to stay here for the night. We can't go home in this storm."

Slack and Stew remove their shoes and try to make themselves comfortable on an old couch. Tired out by their night's journey they fall asleep almost immediately. An hour later Stew is awakened by a scraping sound overhead.

"Slack, wake up. Did ya' hear that?"

"Wadda' ya' want?"

"Somebody's upstairs. I heard 'em walking around."

"Well why don't 'cha take the flashlight and find out who it is?"

"I can't find it. Wait a minute, I'll feel around under the couch. O-o-o-o-oh Slack, there's a b-b-body under th-th-there. I p-p-put my h-h-hand in a p-p-p-pool of b-b-blood and I could f-f-feel his f-f-foot."

"Well, did ya' get the flashlight?"

"Y'y'yah, I g-g-got it."

"Well let me have it. I'm gonna' investigate this. Well for the love of Pete! Look here, Stew. Here's your body for you. Just your own shoe lyin' in a pool of rain-water."

Thump, thump, ker-plunk.

"Stew, didya' hear that. Maybe it's the liquor gang. C'mon, let's catch them."

"Golly, Slack, I forgot to bring along any bullets for the gun."

"Never mind, Stew. I forgot the gun. C'mon up the stairs, quietly or they'll hear us."

"Look! There's somebody standin' in front of the window. Grab him, Slack."

Ouch, biff, slam. "Hit him again, Slack." Whack! Ouch!

"Boy we knocked him out cold. Are ya' all right, Stew?"

"Yeh, only that last haymaker you swung landed on me instead of that guy. Turn the light in his face and let's see who it is."

"Migosh, Stew, it's a policeman."

Just then four more policemen rushed up the stairs and broke into the room.

"All right you guys. We got ya' covered. Slap the handcuffs on 'em, Mike."

"Hey mister, we didn't do anything. We came here to catch that ring."

"Yeh? That ring was caught this afternoon. Anyway we can take you in for beatin' up a cop."

After spending two weeks in jail, Slack and Stew traded in their detective books for a set entitled, "How to Be a Plumber In Ten Easy Lessons."

THOUGHTS OF A BOOK

Gray and misty was the morning in early November that my adventurous life began. I was named History.

Hardly a chance had I to look around me before I was neatly placed away with my brothers and sisters in a dark box. I became conscious of a humping, rolling, tossing sensation which lasted several hours until we arrived at our destination.

Carefully but quickly we were unpacked and I found myself gazing into a beautiful pair of blue eyes which were set above a cute well-shaped nose and pretty red lips which when parted showed a set of white even teeth. The face was encircled by reddish brown curly hair, The owner of these features was my mistress Elaine Andrews. I was placed on a shelf with utmost care where I found myself in a neat well-kept bookshop.

Few people ever entered the store and I had a good opportunity to look around and study my neighbors. I struck up a friendship with a bright red-cheeked novel. She was most interesting.

Several days later a middle-aged, well-groomed man entered the store followed by a girl of about fourteen years. The man spoke softly in a low tone to Elaine and they both smiled. The girl glancing in their direction tossed her blonde artificial curls and with a scornful glance and a look of contempt eyed the well kept shelves muttering impatient words to herself. They soon left and the shop was closed up. But I couldn't sleep as I thought about the young girl, and daylight found me in need of asleep.

Interest and curiosity spread as Elaine started in my direction the next morning. My amazement grew when she took me from the shelf and packed me in a box, without a chance for me to say good-bye to my neighbor "Novel." Again I witnessed that queer sensation of being tossed around, but safely arrived at my new home.

I was unwrapped and this time found myself looking into the cold scornful blue eyes of the selfish faced girl I had seen the previous day. I was snatched up and thrown across the room, my feelings very much hurt at such undeserved treatment. "I hate you," she screamed. "I won't study, you hateful thing," and with this outburst threw herself weeping on a luxurious couch.

"Marcia!" a stern voice broke upon the angry sobs of the girl.

"Pick up that book and quickly," ordered her mother.

"I won't," stormed the bad Marcia.

Whereupon followed such angry words that I find it best not to repeat them. But slowly and reluctantly Marcia picked me up and with the same look of contempt began examining me and looking through my pages. I wasn't such a bad book, for I contained a great deal of valuable information and I was bound in expensive brown leather with gold lettering.

The next day Marcia read me and underlined many of the words and sentences. By lunch time she had a growing interest for me. By afternoon she was three quarters of the way through, deeply interested by this time. By evening she had finished and instead of being tossed on the table I was tucked under her arm and carried upstairs.

Two weeks later Marcia burst into the house "Mother, Dad," she called, "I've won it. The prize for the most interesting and original history essay."

Was I to be left out of this happy gathering to be placed upon a shelf to grow old, worn and gray with the dust of years? But no! Marcia picked me up carefully as though she really valued me. I was happy. Though I was underlined, marked up and soiled by this time, I didn't mind, for I knew I had made a friend in Marcia.

Frances Curtis, 9-6.

SHYLOCK

Shylock is a rich Jew who hates the Christians, but is strong in mind and possesses a store of knowledge. He is called on for advice when anybody is in need. He is hated by the outsiders for lending money and taking interest. As the court scene arrives his hatred shows more plainly as he keeps repeating, "I want my bond," which is a pound of Antonio's flesh. But while the Christians are spitting on him and calling him names, he is fast learning their tricks. Once you hear him say, "O, father Abram, what these Christians are, whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect the thought of others." His life was sorrowed evidently by his wife's death, and therefore he keeps Jessica, his daughter, penned up in their home. At the end of the court scene his head is bent very low as he leaves the court. This shows solemn submission to the entire world.

Robert Walsh, 9-9.

GRATIANO

Although Gratiano is loud spoken, uncouth, rude, and bold of voice, I think that he is not as bad a character as he sounds. His reasons are as nothing and when you find what he means it is not worth the search. Nevertheless, he is a good character and although he appears idle during a visit with Bassanio at Portia's house, he does not appear so to Portia's maid, Nerissa.

Richard Palmer, 9-9.

ANTONIO

Antonio, in my opinion, is a very poor business man, but a very good friend. A poor business man, I say, because he put all his wealth

in ships at sea; a good friend, because he was willing to die for Bassanio.

He is eourageous and loyal, but unwise in his business. My feeling toward Antonio is one of great respect and admiration, though it would appear that he let his heart, rather than his h.ad, rule his affairs.

Thomas Martin, 9-9.

THE HERO'S RETURN

Because Grandma was at a rheumatic age, and my mind was filled with romantic thoughts, I asked her to relate her first meeting with Grandpa, and how she came to marry him. Her story was so interesting that I think you should read it as it was told to me.

"There was great excitement in our town of Gorham, Maine, when the call came from President Lincoln for volunteers to go to war. This call reached us in June, 1861. Of course, in our eyes, all the boys in the town immediately became heroes. Great preparations were made by mothers and sisters to knit warm stockings, gloves, and sweaters for brothers and sons. We little thought how warm it would be in the Southern states, as our own state was very cold in April. At last the day came when the recruits left for Portland, and I can assure you that there wasn't a dry eye in the village. The next news we received of them was that they were leaving Portland for New York. How anxiously we awaited news, and how anxiously and quickly the copy of Harper's Weekly was bought when it arrived in town!

"This weekly paper carried what was supposed to be the latest events taking place in the war. It printed in its front page Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. I was twelve years old at that time and was working in a shoe factory, stitching women's high-top shoes. We girls received the magnificent sum of four cents per pair for our work, and made as high as forty cents a day. As the news came of the soldiers' progress toward the front we would stop our work and listen to the comments of our elders on the campaign, and I might pause to say now that this was the usual thing for children to do in those days, although it is a rare thing now for a child to listen to his elders!

"News did not travel quickly in those days, for a battle would be fought and finshed a week or two before we received news of it. Of course, you are all familiar with the battles of the Civil War, through your study of history, so it would be useless for me to repeat them. I cannot describe the emotions of the home folks and their reactions in those stirring times. We will pass over the period of the long struggle and come to the time of the return of the troops, our boys coming back to Portland on December 12, 1865. There were three feet of snow on the ground, and the streets had been cleared with horseplows for the march of the troops through Portland. It was indeed a gala day, and for miles around everyone drove into Portland. When we arrived there the snow had been banked up against the curbings in some places five feet high, and had a hard crust. To get a glimpse of the soldiers it was often necessary to stand on the snow banks, and this we considered great fun. I was standing on the big drift at the corner of Congress and Prevel streets, when the troops came marching down Congress street from the depot. With flags unfurled and held high, and brass bands playing, you may be sure the excitement was intense. When these big bronzed boys came abreast of me, I and the other girls, clapping and shouting, jumped up and down, forgetting for a moment where we were standing.

"Suddenly the crust of snow broke, dropping the four of us down into the street among the soldiers. Being gallant men, they picked us up, and being in a happy mood, carried us for almost a block, amid loud cheers and much laughter from the spectators. Now dear children, the romantic part of the story is that I was carried by him who is now your grandfather, and we 'lived happily ever after'."

Rena Hayman, 9-2.

MY TRIP TO MOROCCO

(A True Story)

It was a sublime day as we set sail for Morocco; the sea was calm and sky was blue. We had purchased our tickets and were to sail on the Holland, American liner, "Zuder Zee." It was the line's newest motor vessel, all one class and beautifully decorated inside and out.

With a blowing of sirens and a waving of hands, we slipped away from the pier. As it was nearing evening and rather chilly we went inside where we soon had supper which, by the way, was served by immaculate table stewards. My uncle and I, after supper, went on deck and witnessed a perfect sunset. Later we wandered into the lounge and listened to the orchestra for awhile, then retired to our stateroom.

Next morning, after breakfast, we went out on deck. The air was warm but it proved to be much hotter later on. There were numerous games and activities to amuse us and we had an enjoyable trip on the whole.

On the third day it was very warm and awnings covered almost all of the deck. Suddenly a voice from the bridge cried, "We are now passing through the Strait of Gibraltar."

We all went over to the side of the boat where we beheld the most gorgeous scenery I have ever seen. It was magnificent! There

the famous rock stood, silhouetted against a blood-red sky; rugged, gigantic and impressive. We were so close a good swimmer could have accomplished the distance from boat to shore.

Two hours later we docked at Algiers. It was getting dusk and already lights were flickering. Numerous cries of stevedores rang through the air. We did not stay long but set sail as soon as cargo and people were landed.

Next morning, my uncle woke me and bade me get ready for we were in Morocco, and a charabanc was waiting to take us to our hotel in Babat, the capitol of Morocco. I hated to leave the ship, but looked forward to the prospective ride. We presented our passports, etc., and landed. Moors and Negroes were all about and we saw several French foreign legionnaires about, and were told that the 63d regiment was just back from a recent trek in the deserts.

Our hotel was over a British Embassy. It did not provide luxuries, but was extraordinarily cool and comfortable, for outside it was 97 degrees Fahrenheit, although we were there in February.

We spent five very enjoyable days here and were very sorry to leave. We left on a ship of the same line as the one on which we had arrived. I shall always look back on this very interesting trip with a great deal of pleasure.

Vernon Jensen, 10-9.

THE RUBY OF MANY FLAWS

Mr. B. Grimm was a rich bear from Wall Street who made his money in new automatic honeycombs for bees. Through the terrific efforts of his devoted agents his jewel collection had extended far enough to take within the borders "the Ruby of Many Flaws."

Many Flaws was an old and ancient Indian of the Skinflint tribe. When he first found the "unbreakable stone" he was so delighted with it that he made a hatchet from it.

Now a certain man named Thug killed Many Flaws and secured the ruby and in turn was "sent west" by another who in his turn slid down the "great slide." The state of affairs was coming to a climax with the "big gun," Banish All stepped in and took the ruby himself. But he was so numbed in the upper regions that he sold it to a traveling salesman from Woolworth's for a ten-cent string of "pearls."

Unknowingly, Banish All set a force moving against his mortal enemies, the whites, that threatened to send them from the face of the earth.

First, the salesman died a natural death from gunpowder and lead, and the "Wall Streeters" obtained the ruby, but a fellow named "Racketeer" stepped in and was carried out. Then a fellow named "Bootlegger" stuck in his oar and flattened Wall Street with a life preserver, but Justice called it a crime and hung "Bootlegger." Now Mr. B. Grimm was an honest man and he wanted to stop the "circle de mort," so he bought the ruby and called in the famous detective "The Human Bloodhound." His idea was to have the Bloodhound follow and protect him 'til he could get rid of the Ruby of Many Flaws.

Mr. B. Grimm talked steadily for one hour.

"I know that you are too much of a pinhead to know what a ruby is so I suppose I can trust you," he concluded.

"C'mon and I'll show you the thing."

After a quarter of an hour of twisting levers he brought the "Ruby of Many Flaws" out of a steel-lined safe.

"Ain't it a beauty?" he asked, "all set out in a red glow."

"What's 'at ole stick in dere for?" asked Bloodhound.

"That is the handle originally placed there by Many Flaws in order to make an axe of the hard stone."

"Not as hard as your head," said Houndy the Blood as he split Mr. B. Grimm's head with the "Curse of Many Flaws."

So, again, the machine of perpetual motion was set and wound to the utmost.

Beware, my friends, lest some day in your greed you unwittingly obtain the ruby and thus let the curse of Many Flaws fall upon you.

James Johnstone, 10-7.

JEAN

A tiny spot on the mirror-like surface of the Pacific sped along over the orange-tinted waters. It flew with all the swiftness of the shore bird fleeing before the oncoming storm to its haven on a rock-bound coast.

Far in the west the black demon bat of night swallows the weakening sun into the depths of his mountain cavern. From the east an inky shadow creeps threateningly forward seemingly following the sun to its grave in the heart of the earth.

Jean, a youthful fisherman, sits in the stern of his skiff hugging the rudder and glancing ever at the approaching cloud rushing so swiftly towards his frail craft.

Now a warning puff fills the sail causing the windward rail to dip beneath the crest of the ever-rising waves. Throwing himself well over the leeward rail and bracing his feet against the floorboard Jean pulls his sail in several knots in a determined effort to reach the protection afforded by the outjutting point near the town of Santa Marno.

Relentlessly the storm follows the wake of the skiff. The craft responding like a trained

steed spurs through the foamy brine, now dipping and shipping water and now riding serenely through uneven spells of ealm.

Dark hair curling in the wind Jean raises his eyes to heaven breathing a prayer one moment and eursing the sea in the next breath.

The storm is all around him and the boat plunges down the waves engulfed in flying spray and whirls and twists as it rights itself to eontinue its flight.

The light weight of the youth is sadly insuffieient to hold the boat on its side and only eonstant bailing kept the craft from foundering. One leg around the rudder, one hand holding the lines, and bailing with his free hand Jean bends to his work laughing now in the pleasure of fighting the storm.

Half-filled with water, with a torn sail, and a mast that threatens to snap, the boat nears the point. Driving through the lashing spray, with a triumphant smile the young fisherman rounds the point. The wind lessens, the boat rights itself and under the skilful guidanee of her youthful skipper is soon steered through the rocks and beaehed safe from the furious gusts of the wind.

Murmuring a thanksgiving to Le Bon Dieu. Jean enters his father's eottage to prepare again for the ever eonstant struggle against the elements.

Joseph Costello, 10-4.

YEAH! WELL, WELL

A shaft of sunlight illumined a set of ten books, enclosed by two ornate book-ends. They were fine looking books, and their gold lettering shone in the sun, but to the sixteen year old boy standing, feet apart, hands shoved in pockets, they were abominable. One by one he read their familiar titles: "Christain at Grandma's Farm," a few volumes, then "Christain at Bradford School," then a few from the end "Christain's Third Year at Oakland High." Christain Dorrenee Weeks, named at his grandmother's request for the hero of those ten well-hated books swore (as he thought) manfully and turning with a last glanee at the "volumes for young people" left the house, slamming the door behind him.

At the eorner he met Helen, also sehoolward bound, who greeted him with a bright smile and a "Hello, Christain."

Young Weeks glowered, "How many times must I tell yon to eut out ealling me Christain?" he cried angrily, kicking little pebbles out of his path as he strode.

Helen's smile faded. "Oh, I'm sorry. I know you hate those books—but what will I call you? Dorrenee?

"Dorrence!" Christain snorted. "Worse and more of it. Don't eall me anything."

"Oh, all right." The walk eontinued in stoney silenee and they parted still in silenee.

The incident was forgotten, however, and Christain walked home that afternoon happy with the knowledge that he had passed all his junior exams suecessfully, and the unspoken thought that he knew quite a bit for a sixteen year old, good-looking boy. He knew he was good-looking. Look at the way girls crowded around him at danees—he broke off his eheerful reflections at the thought that the junior danee would be coming off in a few days. He supposed he'd take Helen. She'd be erazy to go with him. Yeah, he had his way with women—he stopped and turned at the sound of someone calling, "Hey, Weeks!"

Tony DiValgi, a yellow-faeed youth with a eigarette hanging from his loose lips was lolling in the doorway of his father's drug store with his eyes half-elosed.

"Call me, Tony?" Weeks erossed the street and stood in front of Tony.

"Yeah lissen. What're you doing this summer? Anything special?" Tony had a way of seeming too lazy to pronounee his words when he spoke.

Christain looked up from his contemplation of a pebble, "Oh—nothing special, why?"

Tony shrugged. "Just thought you might like to go to New York an' work on a newspaper."

Christain started. "New York? How eome? What newspaper?"

"Oh the paper my brother works on. He says he's got a job for an enterprising kid."

In Christain's exeitement the "kid" passed unnotieed. "Who'd I live with, your brother?"

"Sure." There was a pause while Tony threw away his stub and lit another cigarette. "I'm giving you the tip 'eause you're a pal of mine. I allus help a man that helps me."

Christain straightened at the "man." "Well," he said with studied earelessness, "Seems to me like a proposition worth thinking over. I'll think it over and see you tomorrow. Yeah, I'll think it over."

He walked off with a little, uneonseious swagger. Newspaper man in New York—well, well. Tony's brother was a kinda shady ehap but—. Visions of headlines rose in his head: "Young Reporter Rounds Up Dangerous Criminals." Yeah, he'd make a good newspaper man—sure of himself, you know. He stuek his hat on the back of his head and strode into the house whistling, letting the sereen door eome to with a shivering slam.

That night at supper he carelessly broaehed the subject of his finding work that summer.

"I've got an offer to work on a newspaper in New York," he said, reaching across the table for butter.

"New York!" said his mother. "Why Christain!"

Christain let his knife fall with a clatter. "One good thing about going to New York," he said angrily, "is the fact that I'll change my name!"

Mr. Weeks buttered a piece of bread deliberately before he spoke. "You'll do no such thing," he said, with disturbing finality. "You're not even going to New York. Who'd you live with? How do you know you'll get the job?"

"Tony DiValgi's brother works on the paper, and he says the job is waiting for me. I'd live with him."

"Tony DiValgi's brother?" Mrs. Weeks shuddered. "Now, Junior, he's a bad boy."

Christain glared. "Junior! Why don't you put me in short pants or long dresses?"

Mrs. Weeks sighed, "We'll speak no more of going to New York," she said, "and you'd better take your trousers to the tailors before they close. You know the dance is tomorrow night."

Christain rose from the table and went to get his trousers, feeling a little like a deflated balloon. He slammed the door as he went out.

The next day on his way home from school Tony waylaid him at the corner.

"Well?" he queried, his head on one side. "Goin'?"

Christain kicked a pebble out of the path. "Guess you'd better give me another day to think it over. You know it takes deliberation, a thing like this."

"Sure, but the job won't last forever."

"Oh I know, I guess I'll probably go, but I'll wait till tomorrow to give you my real answer."

Tony nodded and slid into his father's drug store.

II

Christain arrived at the dance that evening in conventional attire with thoughts of New York almost wholly out of his mind, feeling secure in the knowledge that he looked perfect, danced well, and brought a girl that was quite a bit in demand. Helen walked at his side in fluttering pink chiffon with the collar of a white bunny coat framing her dark hair. Christain threw a sidelong glance at her. You know, she was pretty. He guessed they looked nice together: he was blond, and she was dark —contrast.

The long gym was crowded; streamers of the school colors were strung from the lights to the walls, and the apparatus was clothed in unaccustomed green and white crepe-paper. A good orchestra was already playing when Christain and Helen arrived, and a few of the braver, better dancers were dancing on the freshly waxed floor. Christain's feet topped in spite of himself, and he decided after the first few dances that Helen wasn't such a bad dancer—about as good as he was, even.

"Kinda crowded, tonight, huh?" he said to Helen in the third dance they had together.

"Yes, it is crowded. All the crowd is here."

"And some new ones. Who's the femme Keith Farrell's dancing with?"

"Don't know her. She's new."

At that moment the music stopped, and Keith, with his partner giggling on his arm approached. Just then a crowd claimed Helen and she crossed the floor with them. Keith slid up to Christain, pulling by the hand the girl, a lass with jet black hair waved sleekly about a pretty, petulant face, clad in a daring red dress.

"Meet Miss Peggy Kane," he said importantly. "Peggy, this is Christain D. Weeks."

Peggy stared and then burst into high, loud laughter. "Christain? Did you say Christain? Oh for heaven's sakes! Do you ever go to Grandma's Farm? or Oakland High? Well, well, glad to meet a real Christain—"

Christain, his face burning, turned sharply on his heel and stalked away. No girl could make a fool of him like that. Damn little cat! (A phrase he'd heard in the latest movie.) He'd show her—. He was making for the boys' locker room when Bud King placed a friendly hand on his shoulder. "Nasty kid," he said sympathetically. "And Keith might have introduced you as Chris. He thinks he's the whole show, anyhow."

"Does everyone around here know those books?" Christain asked angrily.

"Well, the author came from this town and that makes 'em kinda well-known."

"My name is always spoiling my chances. Keith Farrell wouldn't have a chance if he didn't have a name that people like—kinda snappy looking girl, too."

Bud said nothing then. "I'm going to dance with Helen," he said, moving off.

"Go ahead," came sourly. Then Christain looked up and saw Helen talking to Keith Farrell. "No," he said angrily, "I am."

Bud grinned and departed in search of another partner.

III

Christain came home that night still smarting under Peggy Kane's laughing taunts. He let the door slam mightily behind him.

Mrs. Weeks came hurrying forward. "Oh Christain! At this time of night!"

Christain boiled over. "Christain! You named me that! You made a laughing stock of me tonight in front of all those people! You spoiled all my chances with a name like that—you and grandma—and those books!" He turned revengeful eyes on their bright bind-

ings. "Those books! I wish they'd never been written!"

He took a step forward and seizing them one at a time, flung them on the floor. "And I'm going to New York and change my name, too!" he cried.

"Young man," said Mr. Weeks, heavily, "you'll do not such thing. You'll—"

Poor Christain was thoroughly angry, and hot, and tired, and his vanity was hurt. He seized his hat from the table and made for the door.

"Junior!" cried Mrs. Weeks. "Where are you going?"

"To the devil," called back Christain, thinking secretly that it sounded very grown-up and convincing. The door slammed violently.

Once outside Christain's anger cooled somewhat. It was chilly at this time, and he was very tired. He crossed the street slowly, and turned in the familiar path to Bud's house. In response to his request, Bud took him in, and they spent the night together.

IV

On Monday Helen met him just outside the school after dismissal and said anxiously, "Oh Chris, you're not going to New York, are you?"

Christain shifted uneasily. His wrath had cooled during the uncomfortable week-end spent after his outburst Friday night, and Bud had been telling him thrilling tales of camp life.

"Well, I dunno," he said.

"Oh I knew you wouldn't go," cried Helen, quickly. "I just knew you'd do the right thing. You know, you seem older to me than most boys—." She broke off, fearing that she was saying too much.

Christain smiled, "Yeah?" he said.

"Uh-huh. I'm glad you're not going to New York. My father said perhaps I could have a crowd at the lodge this summer, and I'd—I'd like you to come."

"Yeah?" said Christain interestedly.

"Uh-huh." There was a slight pause, then Helen said a little lamely. "Well, glad you're not going. I rather knew you wouldn't go."

"Yeah," said Christain. Well, you could depend upon him to do the right thing. He wouldn't have gone after he'd thought it over a while. Of course you should think a proposition over. Well, well, so people noticed that man-like quality about him. Helen did. Yeah, Helen—.

Helen's "so long" interrupted his thoughts. "Oh, wait a minute," he said, "what's up the theatre tonight?"

Helen turned from her contemplation of a leaf on a hedge. "Oh, something good, I've forgotten the name of it."

"Well, would you like to go with me?"

"Uh—I'd love to."

"Yeah? Well, I'll call at 7.30."

Christain walked home whistling and let the door come to softly when he entered.

Hazel M. Borne, 10-2.

LEE THE FIXER

The wide lawn by the Major's house was soft and thick and green, but not to be walked on. This made little difference to Lee Munroe, who, after a glance to see if the gardener was around, raced madly across it. He scrambled through a barberry hedge, jumped over a flower bed that seemed to have purposely wandered in his path, and then stopped, a wave of scarlet coming up beneath his tan.

"Oh—I say—I'm frightfully sorry—" and then he turned and ran back through the hedge, and over the lawn, into a fragrantly shady corner of the lawn that was "just like England." A tall fair-haired man lay in a steamer chair, hands clasped behind head, staring up at the blue sky which peeped through the branches of a banyan tree.

Lee flung himself into a chair, and frowning at an innocent little lizard basking on the sunny wall, exclaimed in a disgusted tone: "Women!"

His father raised quizzical eyebrows.

"You seem to be vexed," he said lazily. His son was forever a source of amusement to him.

"What makes me mad," said Lee, scuffing his feet in the dust, "is to see a good soldier led astray by a woman!" He threw a stone at the lizard, which departed hastily.

"Where is Duncan?" asked the Major. Lee snorted, "Sitting in a hammock with the Randall person."

Major Munroe laughed. "Miss Randall is very charming."

Lee surveyed his tall father with alarm. "You, too?"

"Don't look so worried, Lee," was the laughing retort. "Here comes Duncan."

"One of the love birds," said Lee. "He looks angelic."

Duncan dropped into a chair. "I have a suspicion, young fella," he said, "that you were talking about me. Tea already! Time flies these days."

Lee looked at him speechlessly and then drowned his grievances in a tall glass of lemonade.

"I imagine it does, for you," said the Major.

The two men plunged into a discussion of military tactics for the coming durbah. Out of the corner of his eye, Lee saw Gapi, the old gardener approaching. Lee disappeared rapidly and silently, after taking a liberal amount of cakes. Well he knew that Gapi had come to complain about footsprints in the soft turf and a hole in the hedge. He decided to take a ride and think out a possible solution to the

wretched problem of Duncan's falling in love.

Lee had been brought up in a distant outpost in the hills, barren and bleak when it was not scorchingly hot. When he was ten, an elderly aunt in England intruded into Lee's happy life, and he was sent to school in England. Being used to freedom and attention, he hated the routine of school, and contrived to make himself the terror of his masters and ringleader of mischief among his school-fellows. He wrote outrageous themes, salting them with Indian phrases, and in response to reprimands, he merely raised his eyebrows in pained surprise and said he was being original. His masters grew worn and weary with Lee's "originality" in all sorts of wild schemes, and shipped him back to India at the end of two years, to the delight of both Lee and those left behind.

He found his father a major, and Duncan Bruce, his especial pal, a captain. His father's regiment of Lancers had been transferred to a big cantonment near Lapore and the spacious airy bungalow occupied by the officers, was nearest neighbor to the residency. And the resident had a charming daughter. Such was fate. Lee was always firm in the belief that it was no accident when Duncan's dog, Dill Pickle, got into a fight with Marcia Randall's Peter and Duncan went to the rescue. Duncan and Major Munroe were kings among men to Lee, and when he found that Duncan was susceptible to a lovely face, he set about to forestall Cupid.

One morning, Lee had gotten all the mail before hand and was sauntering down the path looking it over when he saw Marcia approaching.

"Good morning, Lee," she said. "Have you any mail for me?"

"Why, yes!" exclaimed Lee. "Several letters!" He handed them to her smilingly. He had an engaging grin and in the presence of the fair sex he was never tongue-tied. "Wait a minute," he added. "I think I've given you one of Duncan's letters. Yes," as she handed it back "that's it, and I'll wager anything it's from Lady Betty?" The letter was written in a dainty feminine hand on pale lavender paper, from which emanated a faint scent of violets. Marcia said nothing, but slender raised eyebrows indicated a slight curiosity.

"I met her once," rambled Lee, tracing an intricate pattern in the dust with his toe. "She's beautiful—awfully beautiful. And I liked her a great deal. I guess Duncan does, too," he added dreamily, suddenly interested in the cloudless sky above, then he sighed. "She isn't engaged to anyone, and Duncan isn't either. Is that an airplane up there?" He stared fixedly at an imaginary speck in the blue.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Marcia, and was she to blame if there was a slight suspicion of stiffness in her voice?

About a half-hour later Lee came in after a stiff ride. Duncan, who was pondering for a possible reason why Marcia should be so cool to him, did not feel talkative, but Lee did.

"Miss Randall had a lot of mail this morning," he said, evidently unconscious that Duncan was not listening. After a pause, Lee offered, "there was one from a man." Brief silence, then Duncan aroused himself from his reverie to say "Eh?" there was sufficient interest in his tone, however sleepy, to encourage Lee, who promptly added, "I think it was from a childhood friend of hers—nice-looking, too."

"How do you know that he's nice looking," demanded Duncan, sharply.

"By his writing, of course," said Lee dreamily. It was well that he did not see Duncan's look. "Anyway, she spoke quite fondly of him."

"When will you ever learn that I'm not interesed in other people's correspondence?" said Duncan quite suddenly, and walked out. Lee was in paradise. His plans had succeeded and he was saving a friend.

Meanwhile Marcia grew wan and pinched and Duncan went around plunged in deep black gloom. There were no conversations over the barberry hedge, no moonlit rides together, no walks. Major Munroe surmised a lover's tiff and didn't dream of connecting his own son with the mischief. Lee himself looked at Duncan solicitously, at Miss Randall sympathetically, and was equally cordial to both.

One afternoon around three o'clock, Lee took into his blond head to visit an English boy in Lapore. He was well upon the road when he was joined by Marcia. Lee was not averse to her company, so, chatting merrily, they rode along, while white shadows deepened, and the whole world was bathed in golden light.

They reached the city in a short time, but there was a worried pucker between Marcia's eyebrows. "It seems to me," she said, "that there's an unusual crowd here today."

"I don't think so," said Lee," but in his heart he did, and he disliked the way they milled around and shouted.

The crowd separated to let the riders through but there were muttered threats and curses that Lee knew were directed to them. He glanced sharply at the faces of some but they were unfamiliar and scowling. With the protective instinct uppermost, he seized the bridle of Marcia's horse and held it.

The menacing looks of the mob, several remarks heard on either side, recalled stories of hideous massacres to his mind. And something arose within him, a sense of something going to happen. His heart beat faster. He

glanced at Marcia who was pale, and saw her lips move.

"I wonder if we shall reach the next corner safely," she was saying.

And then it happened. In the twinkling of an eye, the horses were pressed against a high blank wall, surrounded on three sides by a yelling, shrieking crowd. Lee and Marcia slashed right and left with their whips. The horse bucked and pranced, crazed by the noise. Lee, cutting viciously at a brown claw of a hand clutching his rein shouted to Marcia: "Don't worry—we'll get out somehow!" then he resorted to swearing in every Indian dialect he knew. Suddenly in the crowd he saw struggling Gapi, who was also raising his tongue to advantage among his ferocious neighbors.

Lee shouted at him, "Get help, quickly!" and prayed that no one else there understood English and that it wouldn't take Gapi too long to translate. Now Gapi could have gone around several corners and found some soldiers in a barroom, but being extraordinarily slow of mind he ran as fast as he could the long distance to the cantonment.

The Major had gone out, and Duncan was alone, soliloquizing on the whims of Cupid, when a breathless Gapi arrived to say that the Randall Memsahib and the Sonny sahib were being killed by a howling mob. Duncan wildly aroused the whole regiment as well as a troop of Sikhs in the same barracks, and they started in all haste towards the city. For Lee was their very heart's heart, and many a young Lance had sat in the Randall hammock of an evening.

When they arrived, Lee and Marcia were white and wild-eyed, keeping from screaming by strong self-control. The horses were sweating and bleeding where spurs had dug into their soft flanks. Then Lee saw the Lancers —sweeping through the streets with Duncan at their head, and the massive bearded Sikhs behind, he rose in his stirrups and waved his cap madly, singing "God Save the King."

"Hold on, General, here we come," shouted Duncan. The mob began to disappear, but about a hundred still fought. Marcia sat is the saddle like a wilted white flower, but Lee rode up to Duncan.

"Oh, Duncan," he almost sobbed. "I'm so glad you've come!" Duncan's dark eyes lit up.

"Stout fella," he said. "Now you go home with these chaps. We're going to clean this place up."

In the company of several soldiers, Marcia and Lee started homeward. But outside the gates, Lee withdrew.

"I'm going to stay right here," he said obstinately. So they left him, on a drooping pony, under a tree, while the sun dropped low in the west. After a while the other riders came out, and Lee joined Duncan.

The first thing he said was, "She's brave, Dune, and bravery's a great thing in a woman. She didn't scream once."

Duncan was genuinely puzzled. "What are you talking about?"

"Marcia, of course," said Lee. "She's wonderful—and you'd make a fine-looking pair!"

"How about the childhood playmate?"

"Oh, he's married," said Lee airily.

Some half-hour later Marcia found Lee and young Dyan Suraj before the hospital surveying the first stars.

"Well, Lee?" she said.

"Hello," said Lee. "Duncan's in there."

"Was he hurt?" Marcia demanded in alarm.

"No, someone broke his arm, that's all," answered Lee. "You know, you're really lucky to have him." There was a short silence, then Marcia said cautiously, a little shyly: "What about Lady Betty?"

"Oh, her," said Lee. "I don't 'spect she'll mind. She's only his sister, anyway."

Duncan came out the door towards them.

"Oh, I say, Dyan," exclaimed Lee loudly, "aren't you thirsty? How about a spat of lemonade?"

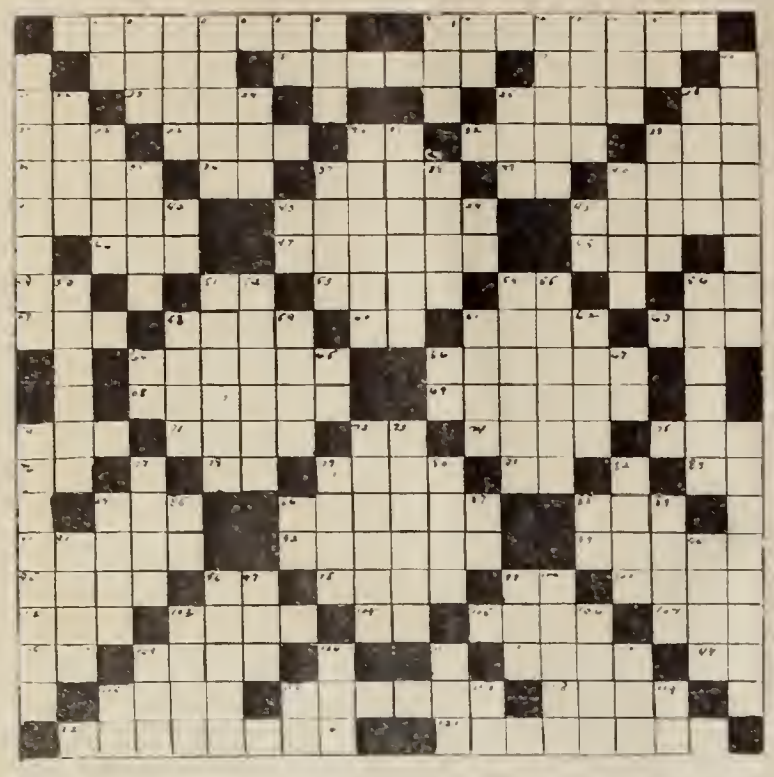
And arm in arm, the two boys raced across the lawn to the house, while the first stars twinkled shyly and the moon smiled benevolently upon Marcia and Duncan.

Elizabeth Ogilvie, 10-6.

WANTED BY

Eleanor Borst: A permanent.
Miss Parker: Some brilliant Latin students.
Miss Webstersmith: A perfect translation from 10-2.
Joe Watson: Some "Maybelline."
Bill Sullivan: A bottle of "Slickum."
James Guilmartin: A larger hat.
Mr. Reynolds: A fire-cracker.
May Ritchie: A weight for her nose.
Mr. Bacon: A can of chloroform.
"Tee" Mitchell: Something to keep him from growing.
Miss Marriner: A class of all boys.
Miss Horrigan: Ditto.
Mr. Hofferty: A snappy car.
Mr. MacDonald: A person like Johnny Weissmuller.
Bernice Walker: A steady beau.
10th Grade: Bigger and better lunch periods.
Miss Fifield: An alluring smile.
Miss Currier: Something to make her stop walking around the room so restlessly.
Albert Frost: Something to make him grow.

By Zita Barker, Pauline Ekdall.



DEFINITIONS FOR CROSSWORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1 Teacher of English
9 Waterfall
17 Where classes meet
18 Form of architecture
19 Story
21 Part of the verb to be
23 Dress
25 Chinese Cereal
26 Pronoun
27 Ability
29 To pine
30 Civil engineer (ab.)
32 Large package
33 Purchase
34 A joint
36 War department (ab)
37 Handle of a sword
39 Mountain (ab)
40 Veer
41 Approaches
43 Return
45 Rule of conduct
46 Also
47 Steered
48 Rested
49 Pronoun
51 Cry of a sheep
53 One spots
54 College degree (ab)
56 Now
57 Dine
58 Belonging to Sam.
60 Half of snow
61 Help
63 Animal
64 Vegetable
66 Shakesperian heroine
68 Furniture (pl)
69 Saving
70 Clue
71 Verses
72 Preposition
74 Possessive pronoun
75 Alone
76 While
78 All Right (ab)
79 Double
81 Degree (ab)
83 Name for father
84 Write
86 Fastener
88 Yale
90 Listened
92 Make a new list
93 Straight line from the center of a circle (pl)
95 Placed
96 Roadway (ab)
98 To wash
99 Pronoun
101 Began
102 Sin
103 Heavenly body
104 Plural pronoun
105 Small particle
107 Repose
108 Printer s measurement
109 Flowerless plant
112 Error
114 Means of transportation
115 Surface
116 Beginning
118 Kingdom in Assyria
120 Ceasing
121 Teacher of civics

DOWN

2 Conjunction
3 Preposition
4 Idiot
5 To bend
7 Note of the scale
8 Pronoun
9 Pet
10 One
12 Slanting
13 Contest
14 Beverage
15 Cerium (ab)
16 Pet name
20 Teacher of Science
22 Wise
24 Over
25 Male sheep
26 Injure
28 Tidy
30 A subject
31 A number
33 To strike with the head
35 God of love
37 Wife of Zeus
38 French for very
40 An amphibian
42 As
43 Avenue (ab)
44 This notice (ab).
45 Manuscript (ab)
50 Birds
51 Tree-like grass
52 Grandson of Esau
54 Teem
55 Prayed
56 Arise
58 Cleansing agent
59 Stalk
61 A military relief order (ab)
62 Afternoon parties
64 Trinity term (ab)
65 A bone
66 Suppose
67 New Latin (ab)
70 A girl's name
72 Renegade
73 Resident
77 Large number of cattle
79 Combat between two people
80 Mislay
82 Piece of stone
84 Two
85 North Dakota (ab)
86 Brother (ab)
87 New Testament (ab)
88 Comparative ending
89 Icon
91 Work for
94 A flower
96 To fasten
97 A color
99 Pronoun
100 Decoyed
103 Percolate
106 Measure of length
109 Away
110 Unit of work
111 Name for Sister
113 Companion

PEARL N. LANE, 9-2

VACATION PLANS

In my interview with Mr. MacDonald I learned that he plans to spend a part of his vacation on a farm in Maine. This certainly will be beneficial for him and his family. I can imagine that he will pitch hay and take part in the general farm activities.

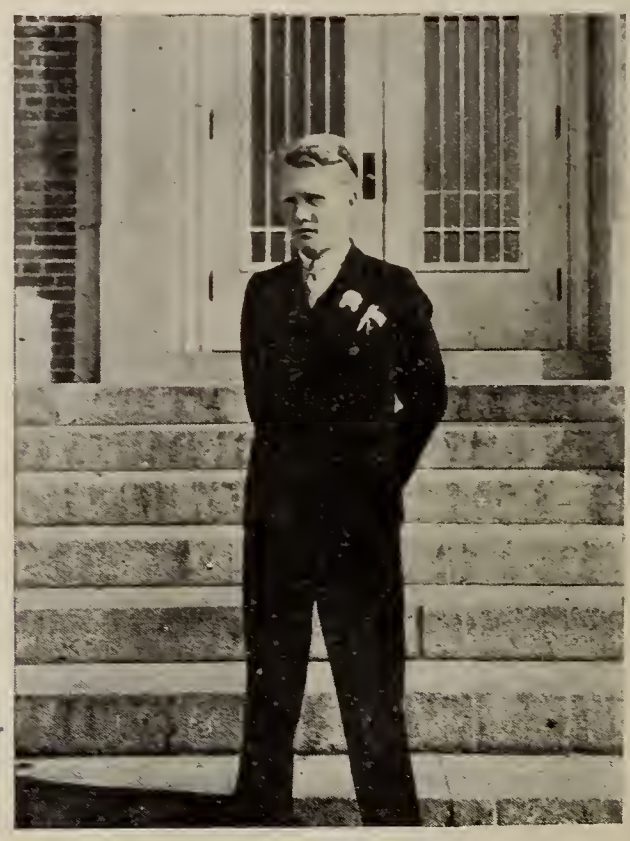
Anna Cashman.

Mr. Roger Bacon plans to spend part of his summer at Harvard University finishing out his Master's degree. During the remainder of the time he will enjoy swimming and other summer sports at a small town on Cape Cod.

George Sweeney.

Miss Lyliah Eko hopes to continue her playground work teaching handicraft and sports. For four summers now she has been engaged in this work either at the Atlantic playground or at Montelair. Edith Leonard.

When many of us will be complaining of the heat, Mr. Howland will be ocean bound for London. At London University he will take a five weeks' course in English literature and English history. We surely wish him "Bon chance et bon voyage." Anna Cummings.



JOSEPH WATSON
President Student Council

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Bottom Row—Joseph McWeeny, Lawrence McCarthy, Joseph Rogers, Arthur Nelson, Fred Cummings, Walter Broyderick.

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Back (Standing), Left to Right—Charles Congdon, Harvey Gardner, Thomas Johnson, William Gardner, Charles O'Niel, Earl Cleveland, Jack Kennedy, Louis Yelland, Cortis Butterfield, Gardner Sletten, Wilfred Cordeiro, Richard Tibbetts, Robert Irwin, Paul Weden, William Crossman.

Middle (Sitting)—William Hill, John Lemay, Duane Lindsay, Ralph Borton, Allan Lindsay, John Hyland, Arthur Winnett, Warren De Laney, Paul Jensen, Francis Dennison.

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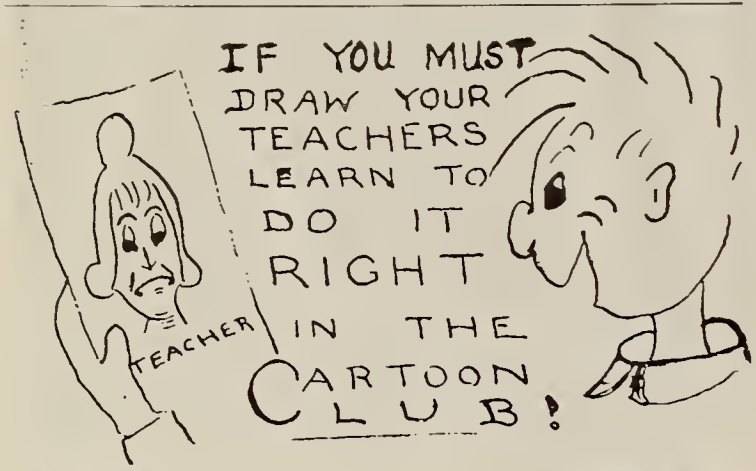

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Golden Moments are those Spent in Reading

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"Our Patterns are Direct from Mme. Poriet
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THE CLUB ORCHESTRA

Gives all a Fair Chance
"The More—the Better"
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We'll Write It"

REPORTERS' CLUB

SPONSOR: MISS GOCCH — PRESIDENT: ARTHUR SCHUH

Make leisure time healthful

HORSESHOE CLUB

Horseshoes for Luck

SPONSOR: MR. MACDONALD — PRESIDENT: ARLON HUSSEY

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

Grades 8-9-10

SPONSOR: MISS FLAVIN — PRESIDENT: HOLLIS CHASE

EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL CLUB

MAKE YOUR TRAVEL WORTH WHILE
LEARN WHERE TO GO AND HOW

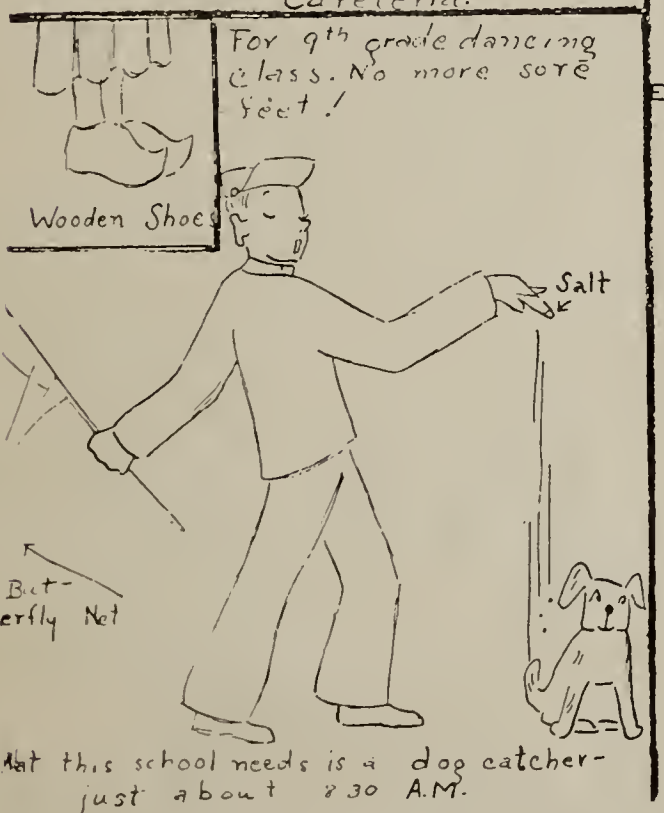
SPONSOR: MISS BRADLEY — PRESIDENT: CHARLES SWEENEY

BRIGHT IDEAS !?!
IDEA
POP
Our special today is broiled sirloin with mushroom sauce, fresh green peas, and mashed potatoes, with a choice of any kind of ice cream you wish
Menu

Free dinners served in the cafeteria.

Complete new outfits for the Traffic Dept.

Everyone appreciates a comfortable detention room.



What this school needs is a dog catcher- just about 8:30 A.M.

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Learn about it in the
BUSINESS PROJECT CLUB
"Be Accurate"
SPONSOR: MISS DAVISON
PRESIDENT: ALICE COLMAN

To be a Success One Must Start Training Early
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Sponsor: Mrs. Carroll — President: Grace Gaskill

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Get Started on Your Way in

JUNIOR GLEE CLUB

Sponsor: Miss Beesley — President: Natalie Butler

HOME BEAUTIFUL CLUB

"Home is Only What We Make It"

Sponsor: Miss Nickerson — President: Frances McShane

SONGS OF THE SEASON

Mr. Collins—"You Made Me What I Am Today."
Mr. McDonald—"Just One More Chance."
Miss Starr—"Wrong Number." (Math.)
Mr. Bacon—"Live, Laugh, Love."
Miss Sundelin—"Won't You Spend One Hour with Me."
Miss Garland—"When the Music is Playing."
Miss Bain—"Take a Picture of the Moon." (Club).
Cafeteria—"Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee and Let's Have Another Piece of Pie."
Miss Baker—"Bend Down, Sister."
Detention—"Abide With Me."

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

"I'll take only a couple of minutes."—Mr. Collins.
"Left slide, right slide, front slide."—Miss Burns and Mr. Howland at dancing class.
"Sit down and keep still."—Mr. Hofferty.
"No more notes."—Mr. Reynolds.
"Try to be ladies and gentlemen even if it is practically impossible."—Miss Smith.
"Another Quebec." (Built on a bluff). Miss Marriner.
"Quietly, please."—Miss Currier.
"Oh, your rhythm is fierce."—Miss Dennison.
"Now, angels."—Miss Savage.

Compiled by Helen Vandeleur.

SCHOOL NEWS

Helen Vandeleur

HOW MUCH ARE YOU WORTH?

Mr. Folmsbee, the General Manager of the Y. M. C. A., spoke to the ninth and tenth year classes on: "How Much Are You Worth?" It is almost impossible to determine a person's worth. Sometimes a person seems to be worth a great deal, but under the outer surface there is a dull and worthless base. Worth cannot be measured by any given formula; everyone has different qualities.

Science tells us that if an average person weighing about one hundred and forty pounds was cremated and all of the minerals and properties in the body were extracted, he would be worth about ninety-eight cents at the most. A child would only be worth from seventy-five to eighty cents. We were given some more very interesting figures. The average boy or girl of Junior High age has cost his parents about eight thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars. Are you worth that money? These figures do not include the care and devotion spent by our parents.

We are a form of investment. Our parents, friends, city, country, and school committee have all invested in us. They expect returns and maybe interest on their investment. Some of the greatest men and women that have ever lived have not had near as much invested in them as the modern boy or girl. With our advantages we should all be able to make our marks in the world that we are to enter. How much will we be worth? Will we live up to our family's expectations?

Helen M. Vandeleur.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON
Educational Pictures

The pupils of the school have enjoyed educational moving pictures concerning the life of Washington. The pictures were divided into four reels, portraying the four periods in his life. Information was given about the Revolutionary War which was of special benefit to the seventh and eighth grade history classes.

Helen Vandeleur.

TENTH GRADE DANCES

So far this year the tenth grade has sponsored a number of dances for the benefit of Athletics and the tenth grade class. The most recent was on April 15th, and the affair was a huge success. The elimination dance was won by Annie Cooper and Fred Farrell. Refreshments were served and music furnished by MacAvoy's Merry-makers. Teachers present included Miss Bain, Miss Morrison, Miss Parker, Mr. Summerville, Mr. Sylvia, Miss Reilley, Mr. Collins.

Janette Watt.

TRAFFIC PROBLEM SOLVED

This year a new plan to improve traffic conditions was started. It consists of only 10th Grade Pupils handling traffic. Two classes have charge at a time and lieutenants are elected to have charge of each corridor. This plan has proved satisfactory so far and relieves conditions quite a bit.

Janette Watt.

SEE SECRET HIDING PLACE

Thirty members of 7-1 accompanied by Miss Dorothy Beesley, visited the Dorothy Quincy House on Wednesday, April 27.

The class was interested in the costumes worn in Dorothy Quincy's time, the harpsichord and several pieces of furniture such as Governor Winslow's desk, the card table used in that time, Queen Marie Antoinette's chair, King George's trunk and Dorothy Quincy's bed. One thing that attracted special attention was the verse written on the window by John Hancock, who used a diamond to do this. But the most interesting place of all was the secret hiding place where John Hancock hid from the redcoats, and several other men who had plotted against King George had hidden there, too.

Each pupil brought five cents to add to the prize money the class had won in several contests. This amount was sufficient to pay the admission charge.

John Hermistone.

CLUB VISITS MUSEUM

The members of the Home Beautiful Club have been "a-hunting." The object of the search was furniture and the members discerned many distinctive styles at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

Of particular interest were the early English and American rooms, furnished with valuable antiques. A survey of the museum's precious stones was also made by observant members. In addition to this, views of the Japanese pottery, illustrated screens and dishes took up much time. It was a most profitable journey.

Marjorie Edward.

[Editor's Note.—It would be a very good idea if many more pupils took profitable trips like this.]

CAN WE DEBATE?

You can bet the nickel that you are supposed to spend for milk at lunch time that we can. At least the debating team that is sponsored by Mr. Hofferty does an excellent job of it. Our particular stars can tackle the negative or affirmative side of any question with such pep, vim, vigor, and vitality that you believe them to be right whether you agreed with them in the beginning or not.

Kathleen Buddenhagen, Charles Gerry, Edward Hall, and Lorenz Schroth are prominent on the team. There are others that are good, but who have not debated over the radio. Kathleen is the only girl that has gone into the studio to debate over the radio. She is the star and was named as the best debater. The boys agreed to have "Kay" take the rebuttal. "Women can argue better anyway," said the boys.

Helen Vandeleur.

PLAYING THE GAME OF LIFE

On April 27, the students of the North Quincy High had the honor of hearing a very excellent talk by Reverend Richard B. Sawyer. His subject was "Playing the Game of Life."

"Do you play the game fairly and squarely or do you shirk and perhaps cheat?"

"Do you play like a sportsman and take victory and defeat like a man or do you brag or make excuses when fortune turns away?" Mr. Sawyer told us that there are rules to the game of life just as there are rules in any game that there is. Without rules everything would be disorder and chaos would reign. The only reason that we have policemen is that some folks don't play according to the rules. They break the rules that are called laws.

In any game that is played there are good and bad players. Sometimes our taste for the game is spoiled slightly when we hear of a man breaking every rule. But we regain it again when we realize that there are hundreds that play squarely and never cheat. It is the same way with the game called Life. The honest players by far overshadow the dishonest ones. If not, the honest man would be news instead of the criminal.

Helen Vandeleur.

GIRL RESERVES GO BOWLING

On Tuesday, March 15, fourteen members of the Girl Reserve Club went in to the Boston Y. W. C. A. for an afternoon of bowling. First however, they visited different parts of the building and watched some members of the "Y" in the swimming pool. After that they bowled for the rest of the afternon. Mrs. Ross, the sponsor, was the high scorer for the session and Louise Robins came second. The Girl Reserve Club is a branch of the Y. W. C. A.

Gertrude Kendall.

Mr. John Cronan

Last year when Mr. Cronan of the Boston Public Library visited us, we were anxious to secure his picture. He very kindly sent it to us, but it arrived too late for the June 1931 issue. We reprint his letter .

West Roxbury, Massachusetts.

Mr. William G. Jenkins
North Junior High School
North Quincy, Massachusetts.

Dear William:

It is late for an answer to your letter of January 9, but the fact is I have only just found the enclosed "snap." Really, the hollyhocks were that tall—it is no story. The picture may serve your purpose.

I remember with pleasure my visit to Quincy, and hope that I may have such a pleasure again.

Please remember me to your librarian, Miss Bair.

Yours very truly,

JOHN CRONAN.

MR. CRONAN VISITS NORTH AGAIN

Pep, Vim, Vigor, Vitality, all combined with Brains make a good sketch of Mr. John Cronan from the Boston Public Library. Mr. Cronan honored us by coming to North and speaking about books. It is Mr. Cronan's business to know all about good juvenile fiction and he knows his job. A stranger coming into our auditorium during Mr. Cronan's talk would think that he was witnessing a one man play.

Mr. Cronan is exceedingly versatile and can give a little play explaining part of the book that he is speaking about. He takes all of the parts himself. He can play Oliver Twist and Fagan as well as a shrewish old woman and her henpecked husband.

Mr. Cronan recommended that we read the books by Eric Kelley. Both "The Trumpeter of Krakow" and "The Blacksmith of Vilnow" are very interesting reading matter. Mr. Cronan dramatized part of "The Trumpeter of Krakow."

I certainly hope that Mr. Cronan returns again before I leave North. I am voicing the hopes of the rest of the student body too.

Helen Vandeleur.

CHILDREN OF THE MELTING POT

The civics classes that have Miss Warren for an instructor have been doing a very excellent piece of work in connection with immigration. The classes discussed common terms pertaining to immigration. They made some very neat and artistic time lines. These are the charts that show the nationality of the people who were admitted during certain periods of time. The laws that restrict immigration and exclude certain races were studied. There were some very important graphs showing the rise and fall of immigration from 1820-1930 due to these laws and other causes.

The process of naturalization was discussed and dramatized. Pupils gave talks to imaginary groups of aliens explaining the advantages of becoming an American citizen. Both the problems which immigration brings and the contributions made to the United States by different races were studied.

There were some very good graphs showing the number of foreign born people in Quincy now. The eight races with the largest representation in Quincy now are; Canadians, Italians, Scotch, Irish, English, Swedish, Finnish and Russians.

Most of this material was collected in the form of notebooks. They contained all of the graphs, all the special reports and assignments, pictures, handbooks for immigrants, newspaper and magazine clippings about the subject, citizenship blank and many original drawings. There were many very unusual notebooks. Most of the pupils were amazed at many of the statistics presented. If any of my readers are interested in the subject there is much excellent material in all of the public or school libraries.

Helen Vandeleur.

TEACHERS RELAX

On March 25, North's Faculty gathered for another party. Mr. and Mrs. Muir were the guests of honor. Bridge was enjoyed and Mr. Howland was awarded a handsome bridge set in recognition of his high score. The booby prize was awarded to Miss Horrigan. It was a pair of handcuffs.

A social intelligence test was held, Mr. Muir answered the questions. A most delectable chicken dinner was served. Table decorations of jonquils increased the Easter spirit.

The members of the committee were Mr. Bacon, chairman; Miss Leavitt, Miss Webstersmith, and Mr. Buck.

—Marjorie Edwards.

EIGHTH GRADE ASSEMBLY PROGRAM

At a January assembly of the seventh and eighth grades the eighth grade conducted the program. It was announced by Helen Kennedy. The program was as follows: a piano and violin duet by Dorothy Miller and Violet Moyes; reading by Helene Soderberg; saxaphone duet by Walter Kennedy and James Dunn; reading by Georgetta Murray; piano and violin duet by William Joyce and Richard Johns; reading by Emily Powell; cornet solo by Robert Wills; piano solo by Irene Willard; and songs by Estelle Harris.

Anna Kelley.

Mr. Clarence DeMar
Photograph secured by Kenneth Dowd

CLARENCE DEMAR VISITS NORTH

On the first of March we were called unexpectedly to the auditorium. We soon found the cause of the special assembly. The President of the Student Council introduced the man that was sitting on the stage. Clarence DeMar! A thrill of anticipation ran through the audience. There was not one teacher or pupil in the auditorium who had not heard of DeMar the runner. Many of us have waited anxiously for the results of the marathon that is run each nineteenth of April. No wonder we were thrilled at the anticipation of hearing the man that has never dropped out of a race and who has broken the tape many times.

Clarence DeMar's subject was "Spending Your Leisure Time." He spoke about the different pastimes from the standpoints of expense, value received, and the pleasures that they bring. Quite naturally the subject of running was taken up. We found that it cost nothing, is healthful, and that it brings the participant much pleasure. DeMar spoke of many interesting and amusing experiences that he has had in the period since he has been running.

DeMar is now a teacher of printing in New Hampshire, is married and has one small child.

Helen Vandeleur.

GYM ASSEMBLY

In April there was a Gym Assembly. It was an excellent exhibition of the work being done under the supervision of Miss Baker and Mr. Rogers.

The girls did some variety tap dances to familiar music and also did some fine pyramid building. Miss Baker deserves a great deal of credit for training such a large group of girls in such complicated work.

The boys gave a clever tumbling exhibition. Some of those boys surely have marvellous body co-ordination. There were two short wrestling matches. The first was staged by George Johnston and Kenneth Patten. They tied at the end of three minutes. Bob Cummings and Charlie Calderwood gave the second match. Charlie won, the time being 2.3 minutes.

Helen Vandeleur.

CLEAN UP!

We can all do what Dr. Herbert, appointed by Mayor McGrath to be on the Clean Up Week Committee, asked us to. At a May assembly Dr. Herbert spoke to the ninth and tenth grades, and to the rest of the school through the audiophone system. We were asked to clean up our yards and make our gardens presentable. "We want Quincy to be a beauty spot, not an eye-sore."

Quincy is proud of her historical spots and the famous men that were brought up here. If they were living now would they be proud of Quincy? We have been faithful to our splendid heritage—Let us continue to do so.

Clean Up! Paint Up! Fix Up! Let tourists admire the modern Quincy as much as they did the Quincy of yesterday.

Helen Vandeleur.

EXTRA–CURRICULA ACTIVITIES ASSEMBLY

At a January assembly for the 9th and 10th grades, some of our prominent school citizens spoke about activities in and about school.

Joseph Watson, the president of the Student Council, gave us some information regarding his activity.

Lorenz Schroth spoke a few words about the ninth grade class organization.

Joseph McWeency spoke about his class.

"Tee" Mitchell spoke on his favorite subject, the tenth grade basketball team.

Russell Doucette discussed traffic conditions and the new traffic system.

We were greatly interested in Arlon Hussey's talk on "Wrestling."

Helen Vandeleur.

It seems as though the prize for the quietest floor in the morning is the first floor. The booby prize goes to the third floor. It is disgraceful to have to be reminded that we can hardly hear ourselves think because of the noise. This criticism is only for the time before the beginning of school. During the day all of the corridors and rooms are orderly.

Helen Vandeleur.

TEN YEARS FROM TODAY

Fortunately, or unfortunately as the case may be, we are not blessed with the gift of seeing what the future holds in store for us. One Wednesday we learned a few important and interesting facts about some of the professions that many of us will enter.

Miss Margaret Slattery came to North and spoke to the student body about the walks of life that we will tread. Miss Slattery's subject was "Ten Years from Today."

Miss Margaret Slattery
Picture secured by Janette Watt

Miss Slattery has led a very interesting and eventful life. She has been a teacher, traveller, author and lecturer. Miss Slattery's talks are really not lectures because she talks to her audience as she would to any single individual in the group.

Miss Slattery has been to the Far East and told us some very interesting stories about it. She told of one of the most famous leper colonies in the world. She related the dramatic story of a young physician who is giving his life to the study of this horrible and relentless disease. He contracted the disease through the carelessness of an unclean laundress. He will stay in the colony for four long years, away from all of his family and friends; he will combat this sickness in order to be completely cured before re-entering civilization.

Miss Slattery told us of many other cases of brave young doctors and nurses that have gone into the colony in order to fight leprosy. Some never returned. To hear of cases like these makes you realize the meaning of civilization in its highest sense.

Miss Slattery told of the way that school is conducted in Japan and China; we had a glimpse of India in festival season. We were told of some conditions in other parts of our own great country.

Miss Slattery told of the two roads that young people may follow. The hard or the easy road. She gave us examples of young fellows and girls who, like the young doctors and nurses of the leper colony, had chosen the hard road. We also heard of others who were not so wise in their choice and are now the people that are being kept in reformatories—if young, and in penetentiaries if they are older.

It would be interesting if, ten years from today, the people that heard Miss Slattery's inspiring talk could assemble once more and give the account of their fortunes and misfortunes during the ten years that had elapsed since the talk. There would be tales of success and failure, hardships and strife.

What will YOU amount to in the next ten years? Time alone will tell.

Helen Vandeleur.

MUSIC MEMORY

Under the sponsorship of Miss Reinhardt the Music Memory Club has had a very successful term. The members are all seventh grade pupils. Seven of the girls have received silver pins in the fifth and sixth grades. These girls are now working for a gold pin. They are the following: Edith Berg, Martha Collins, Ruth Eberts, Ruth Hayden, Priscilla Jenkins, Sidney Leonard and Barbara Small.

Elinor Reilly.

NORTH HEALTH POSTERS EXHIBITED

North's efforts in the health poster contest, participated in by Junior High School pupils of Quincy for the Norfolk County Health Association, were very much in evidence.

Five posters have been chosen from each seventh, eighth and ninth grade, to represent our city in June during the final exhibition at the Norfolk County meeting.

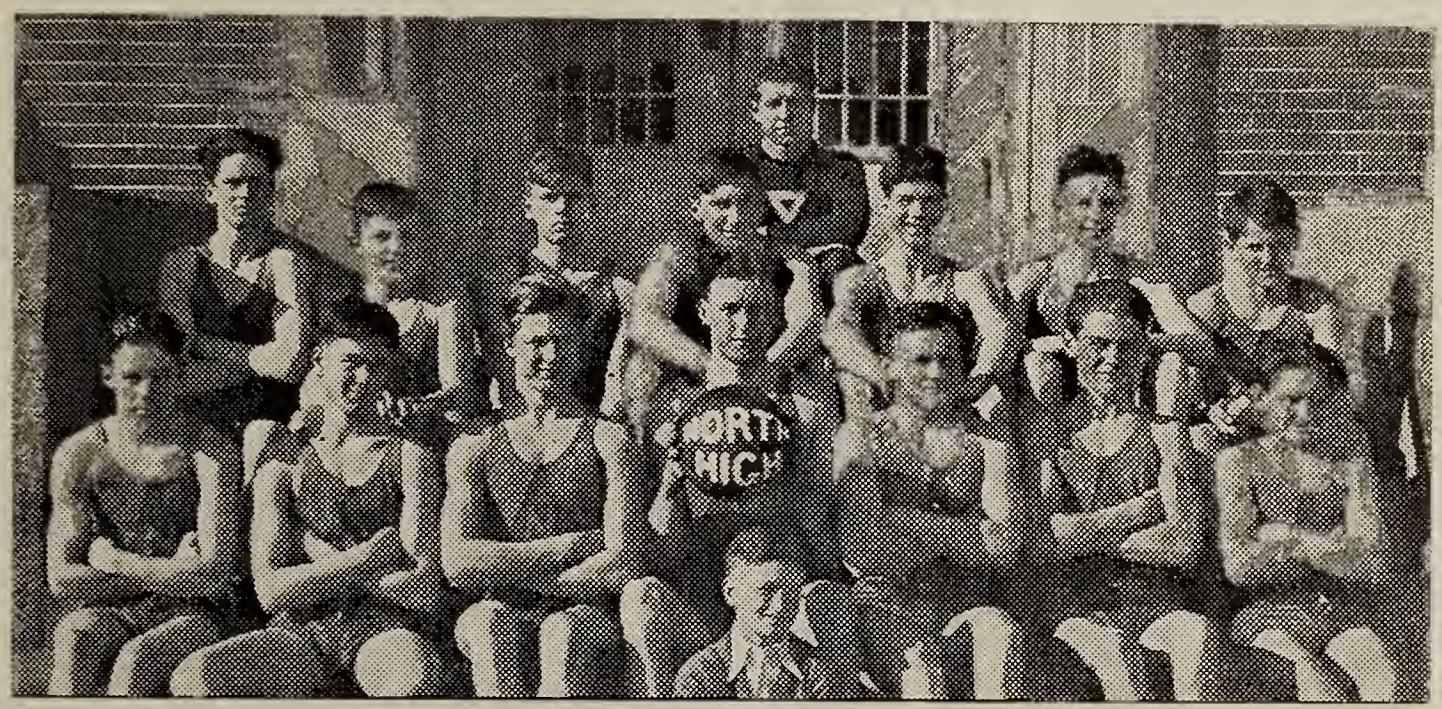
Those who judged the posters were Mrs. John H. Brewer, Miss Marjorie Cole, Mr. Oscar L. Stevens, Mrs. Nathaniel S. Hunting, chairman of the association's Quincy branches; and Miss Adams, art supervisor in the Quincy schools.

Among those chosen from North were Barbara Means, Herbert Tonry, Doris Wilkinson, and William Norton, from the eighth grade; and Stephen Putnam, Ralph Richardson, John Dowling, and Kathleen Buddenhagen from the ninth grade.

Marjorie Edwards.

Ke neth Dowd

BOYS' ATHLETICS



BASKETBALL TEAM

Back—Coach Leroy C. Rogers
Back Row (Left to Right)—Robert Murray, Ralph Mettler. Fred Josselyn, Walter Bryan, Walter Joly, Frank Dyer, Hugh Paul
Front Row—Charles King, Philip Leadbetter, Arthur Nelson, Captain George Mitchell, Joseph McWeeney, Lawrence McCarthy, Alvin de Young
Front—Vincent Cragin, manager

NUMBER ONE

With their captain and center, George "Tee" Mitchell, shining on the offense and defense, the North Quincy High School basketball team registered its first victory of the season by defeating the Alumni 25 to 19 at North's gym.

Both teams put up fast, clever battlefronts and the going was exceptionally hard and rough. Coach Rogers' boys looked very well against such stellar performers as the two Reilly brothers, "Boiler" and "Nobby," "Peanuts" Ryan, "Minnow" Fisher, Roy Eaton, and Lloyd Craig. Most of these boys are on one of the Quincy High teams and North took keen pleasure in dusting them off.

Coach Rogers' Blue and Gold team's passwork was cleaner than the Alumni boys who seemed to get mixed up quite a bit. The dynamic coach expressed much satisfaction in his quintet's good showing and clever passwork.

TWO IN A ROW

Coach Rogers' flashy North Quincy High quintet chalked up its second victory in two games when they downed the Weymouth High seconds 19-6 at her own gym.

With a 9-5 lead at the half North steadily increased her advantage until the tally read 19-6 when the final whistle shrilled. "Alvy" DeYoung, diminutive North forward captured high scoring honors by bagging 4 baskets for an 8 point aggregate. Sullivan of the losers was runner-up with 5 markers.

As usual, Mitchell, lanky North center, played his sterling defensive game. He was hard pressed for honors though by Walter Joly, North's classy left guard. Gannon and Sullivan were the bright lights for Weymouth.

THREE FOR THE BOOK

Displaying a beautiful brand of basketball the Blue and Gold of North Quincy ran roughshod over the Milton High seconds 26-4 before a fair crowd in the Northerners bailiwick.

Playing a wonderful game, North's great captain and center, George "Tee" Mitchell, ran away with all the prizes. He was high scorer with 11 points, netting five goals from the floor and a charity heave, six points ahead of the second place man, "Bat" Nelson, stellar North guard who nailed five points. Mitchell also played a whale of a game on the defense and was the only regular to go the route. Although "Tee" was the big gun the whole team played an excellent game against older and heavier

opponents. C. Carr, Milton forward, was the class for his team. He notched one of the goals made and played the best defensive game of his mates. Bratt, left guard, tallied the other Milton basket.

FOUR STRAIGHT

North Quincy continued its winning ways on the basketball court when they cornered their fourth straight game by taking the Milton Academy second team over the hurdles 24-7 at the spacious Milton gym.

The Blue and Gold held a 15-5 lead at the half, but they were blanked by the academites in the third period; they scored the rest of their markers in the final stanza.

Gordon and Parker led the Academy attack and offensive movements. Gordon snared three points and Parker two while both were thorns in the side of North. "Tee" Mitchell and "Cap" Bryan stood out for the winners. Mitchell, the elongated center, garnered individual high scoring honors by dropping 11 counters into the basket and "Cap" was runner-up with 7 points. Both these boys played excellent defensive games and were the big reasons why Milton was held to 7 points.

FIVE OUT OF FIVE

The North Quincy High School hoop team extended its win streak to five games by taking the Milton High seconds into camp 25-11 at the Milton stamping grounds before a large crowd.

Milton gave the boys who flaunt the Blue and Gold a much stiffer battle than the score indicates and it was not until the last period when they displayed the game they were really capable of, were they out of danger. A very slippery floor handicapped the Northerners greatly, but even so, they weren't playing up to their usual standard.

Capt. Mitchell of North had to have medical aid when, in practice, he fell on the slippery floor and sustained a rather bad cut on his knee when he banged into a bench. Even this couldn't stop the sharpshooting center, however, and he swished the netting for 5 baskets and a foul shot to be high scorer. "Onions," "Alvy," "Coldslaw," etc., DeYoung was in second place with six tallies. A Carr and C. Carr of the Miltonites were their team's luminaries.

NORTH 24 — BRAINTREE 2NDS 10

Coach Rogers' fast North Quincy basketball team defeated Braintree in the North gym 24-10 to hang up its sixth consecutive win before a good crowd.

Again that great captain and center of the Blue and Gold pack led the teams in individual scoring honors, this time splitting the hoop with 4 baskets and a charity heave. "Alvy" DeYoung and "Bat" Nelson of North, and Scrivener of the Blue and White each had six points apiece. Captain Mitchell also played his excellent defensive game and with Walter Joly formed the cordon which denied Braintree most of the time.

Scrivener easily outdistanced all other Braintree performers, netting six points and generally being a thorn in North's side. Bound and Reynolds also played nice games for the Blue and White.

SEVENTH WIN

By downing the Quincy Trade School 32-15 in the North gym the wearers of the Blue and Gold rang up their seventh victory in as many starts. In the prelim the North seconds took it on the chin 14-8 from the Trade seconds in a listless game.

In the first half of the main go North didn't look very impressive, but in the later periods it was an entirely different story. Leading 12-8 at the half, North gained 20 points to Trade's 7 in the last two rounds. In the third stanza Romano of Trade and "Cap" Bryan of North had a head on collision in a scrimmage under the Trade School net. Romano was knocked to the floor and Bryan had to lie down. Coach Rogers worked on both boys and brought them around O. K., although Romano had to leave the floor for a short time. Bryan, the tougher half of the mixup was able to continue almost immediately.

The preliminary clash was rather loosely played, fumbles being frequent. Two boys scored all of North's points, Mettler tallying six and McCarthy for two. Cardorpole and Mettler, rival centers were high scorers with six markers apiece.

EIGHTH VICTORY

North Quincy once again levelled Coach Chapman's Braintree High seconds, this time by a 19-7 tally at the Braintree court to gain her eighth straight victory.

At the quarter North was up 4-0 on two baskets by "Cap" Bryan, but at the half were stalemated 4-4, Bound and Goodwin scoring for Braintree. Leading 12-5 at the third quarter North extended her lead 7 points in the final stanza while holding the Blue and White to 2 markers.

Although banished from the game at the end of the third period for committing 4 personal fouls, Bryan nabbed high scoring honors with 10 points. North's great center, "Tee" Mitchell, who came out of a sick bed to play, only played a quarter but bagged 7 points to be second to Bryan. Bound was Brantree's big shot, scoring 4 of her 7 points and playing a beautiful defensive game.

NINE IN A ROW

By defeating the Quincy High Sophomores 18-3 in the Quincy High gym, North continued on the road of being undefeated. The win was North's ninth consecutive victory.

"Cap" Bryan and "Tee" Mitchell were tied

for high scoring honors with 7 tallies apiece, "Bat" Nelson gathering in North's other four points. Russ Sullivan netted all of the losers' points.

The Quincy High Sophs gave North a much harder battle than was expected, and it was not until the last half that the Northerners really got going.

UNDEFEATED

Coach Rogers brought the North Quincy basketball season to a close in a blaze of glory when it scaled great heights to defeat the Weymouth High second team 39-8 in the Maroon and Gold gym before a large crowd.

The crowd of Sophomores that sport the Blue and Gold of North certainly did themselves and their fine coach proud by playing such a superb game in their last contest. After Gannon, Weymouth's right forward hung up the first basket, Weymouth was virtually through for the night. The basket only seemed to infuriate the Northerners and after "Cap" Bryan, "Tee" Mitchell and Fred Josselyn dropped in baskets, North was never headed.

Bryan was again high scorer with 17 points this time. Captain Mitchell was runner-up with 8 tallies. Gannon stood out for Weymouth with 5 points and a good defensive game. Beckley and Shields were other Maroon and Gold luminaries.

CHAMPIONS, OR SUMP'N'

After turning out such a phenomenal crowd of Sophomores as those which represented him on the basketball court, Coach Leroy C. Rogers can certainly compliment himself and his team on their fine performances.

A crowd of sophomores, mind you, being undefeated in their first year of high school competition is nigh incredible. Their great record and fine display of basketball certainly speaks well for their popular coach. Although they did not receive the support from the school which they deserved they kept on fighting in their every minute and showed a good deal more sportsmanship than some of the spectators.

Playing 10 games and winning 10 should give the Rogers' coached quintet some championship or other and although they haven't claimed any, they have established a record on the South Shore which seems formidable to all high schools next year.

Basketball teams! Watch North Quincy go!

WRESTLING TEAM

Front Row (Left to Right)—John Paulson, Albert Frost, Fred Cummings, Richard Batchelder.

Second Row—Mr. Frank MacDonald, coach; George Johnson, Charles Calderwood, Arlon Hussey, George Bailey, Joseph Watson.

Third Row—Louren Barsamian, Robert Cummings, Kenneth Patten, Clarence Metcalf, Mgr.

Fourth Row—Gordon Tabor, Robert Smith, Gardner Studley, Ralph Mettler, William Feurtado, Robert Herrick and Arthur Young.

WRESTLERS UNDEFEATED

Beginning where Coach Rogers left off, Coach Frank E. MacDonald and his fine wrestling team extended North's undefeated streak by piloting his grunt and groaners through an unbeaten season in all of their regular matches. They were defeated in two practice matches, but those don't go down in the records.

North met Weymouth twice and defeated her, but were held to ties by the Quincy High seconds. North looks to have several comers in her aggregation and will surely offer stiff competition to rival schools next year.

Arlon Hussey, considered by many to be the best wrestler in the school, was chosen captain of the team.

WRESTLING TOURNAMENT

Besides a wrestling team and a wrestling club of over 40 members Coach Frank E. MacDonald staged a school-wide tournament in the popular sport.

Boys of each poundage from 75 to 155 pounds took part in the tournament and the winners were the real pick of their class. A good crowd of spectators viewed the matches and certainly got their money's worth.

The champs are:

75 Pounds—Albert Frost
85 Pounds—Fred Cummings
95 Pounds—John Paulson
105 Pounds—Louren Barsamian
115 Pounds—George Johnston
125 Pounds—Charles Calderwood
135 Pounds—George Bailey
145 Pounds—Arthur Young
155 Pounds—Ralph Mettler

BASEBALL TEAMS

Back Row (Left to Right)—Walter Bryan, George Mitchell, Robert Leonard, Ralph McLeod, Herbert Jones, Kenneth Cody, Nicholas Rucky, Vernon Mathurin, Lawrence McCarthy.

Third Row—Arthur Nelson, George Murphy, James Guilmartin, George Hutt, Norman Pare, Edward Cragin, James Fay, Hugh Paul.

Second Row—Philip Leadbetter, Richard Pugsley, Peter Colligan, Grover Clark, Joseph Rogers, Stephen Conroy, Sylvester Phelan, Joseph McWeeney.

Front Row—Mr. Sylvia, coach; William Cavanaugh, Al Edson, Peter Sawyer, Charles Gerry, Gerard Carr, Robert Walsh.

FIRST VICTORY

Getting 8 runs in the second inning, North Quincy defeated the Milton Jay Vees 15-8 on the Dennis J. O'Neill diamond to start her baseball season off in the right fashion.

"Herby" Jones on the mound for North was rather wild and the support he received was nothing to rave over. Although committing miscues in the field, the Northerners made up for it with the willow, many of their blows going for extra bases. Gifford, who hurled for Milton offered no great puzzle to the North batters, although with better fielding he might have held North to a lower score.

"Bat" Nelson and George Murphy starred at bat, Nelson banging out two triples and Murphy adding three solid swats for the cause, one a long three-bagger to right center. George Hutt of North, pulled off the fielding gem of the day when he made a beautiful one-hand catch of a ball labeled "triple" while on the dead run.

PEMBROKE SWAMPED

The North Quincy nine continued its triumphant ways when she journeyed to Pembroke and defeated her 11-0 for her second win.

Pembroke offered no puzzle at all to the Blue and Gold and almost every player on the team fattened their batting average at Pembroke's expense.

"Herby" Jones pitched a good ball for North and at no time was he in trouble. George Murphy, who covers the short field for North turned in several nice fielding plays.

JONES BLANKS MILTON

In one of the finest pitching duels of the season, "Herby" Jones, North Quincy mound ace, bested Troy, Milton Jay Vee's brilliant hurler, 2-0 at the Milton diamond.

"Herby" allowed only two hits, a double and a single and two bases on balls, while his mates gave him fine support, only one error being chalked up against them. Troy, on the other hand, allowed two hits and one base on balls, but he and his teamsters committed six miscues, two of which led to North's runs.

Jones caused 11 Milton men to journey to the bench via the strikeout route while Troy let five Northerners hit nothing but air. Cushing and Gifford got Milton's hits while Paul and Cragin hit for the Blue and Gold.

North scored in the third inning on Murphy's hit and two wild throws, and in the seventh when Guilmartin was passed, stole second and third and came home on "Bat" Nelson's grounder to Troy which he fumbled.

Elinor Reilly

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS BAKER

Question: What is your general plan for girls' athletics?

Answer: A team for every girl and every girl on a team.

SOCCER SEASON

Q: Was the ninth and tenth grade soccer season successful?

A: Yes, not as to numbers, which might be expected the first season, but as to enthusiasm.

Q: How were the teams composed?

A: Since the game was new to the girls, there were two teams formed simply by chance.

Q: Who were the girls on the winning team?

A: Janet Adair, Betty Atkinson, Natalie Archer, Betty Donna, Rita Darling, Mary Ready, Elinor Riley, Hazel Winders.

SLUG SEASON

Q: What were the results of the seventh and eighth grade slug season?

A: Seventh grade, three teams; eighth grade, one.

8th won 4—lost 0
7a won 1—lost 2
7b won 2—lost 2
7c won 0—lost 3

After this schedule of games was played, a picked seventh team played an eighth grade team and won. Their line-up was as follows:

Ella Crowell	Emma Redford
Doris Peterson	Grace Willy
Winifred Brown	Merle Lowell
Josephine Newcomb	Ruth Hayden
Jane Baldwin	Thelma Fox

The score was 12-8 in favor of the seventh grade team.

BASKETBALL SEASON

Q: What sort of a basketball season did you plan for the girls?

A: Hoping to interest a large group instead of a squad of picked players, intramural basketball held sway at North this year and interscholastic was abandoned, except for one game with Quincy High and one with South Junior High. A friendly play spirit was loud pedaled in these two games and the high tension of competition was pushed into the background. Our games with each other at North were conducted by means of a tournament, the seventh and eighth playing against each other, and the ninth and the tenth.

Q: Which teams had the best record?

A: Seventh and eighth, as follows:

Team	W	L	Dft'd	Captain
Comets	5	0	0	Helene Soderberg
Basketeers	5	1	0	Annabel Koritsky
Battle Axes	5	0	1	Marie Byran
Lion Hearts	3	3	0	Anita Paragallo
Tigers	3	3	0	Madeline Gerry
Silver Foxes	2	2	1	Ruth Eberts
Radcliffe	1	3	0	Barbara Bruce
North Co-eds	1	1	2	Geraldine White
Ninth and Tenth Teams				
TNT	4	0	1	Rita Darling
Vassar	4	1	0	May Ritchie
Shooting Stars	4	2	0	Betty Parmenter
Red Sox	2	4	0	Anna Cashman
Tinker Team	1	3	1	"Tiny" Stevens

Q: Who were the girls who played at Senior? At South?

Senior	South
Catherine Zottoli	Mary Pratt
Mary Ready	Helene Soderberg
May Ritchie	Frances Kane
Harriet Leavitt	Lilian Dearing
Rita Darling	Thora Soderberg
Elinor Riley	Jane Curran
Lorraine Stevens	Beatrice Johnston
Betty Donna	Elba Galberg
	Marie Bryan
	Rita Begley
	Dorothy Bassett

TENNIS SEASON

Q: How are you planning the tennis season?

A: We hope to have the tennis courts on the Atlantic playground reserved for us two days a week; consequently, we are hoping for a tennis tournament.

Anna Cashman.

BASEBALL SEASON

Q: What are your views on the subject of baseball for girls?

A: The game played with the official play ground ball is excellent for girls. Since it is our national sport, it is interesting to every American boy and girl.

RED SOX vs. 10-7 and 10-8

Anna Cashman, captain of the Red Sox, consisting of girls from 9-1 and 9-2, and Rita Darling, captain for 10-7 and 10-8, together with their respective teams, opened up the baseball season for girls. Both captains pitch.

The catchers, Eleanor Grandy and Marjorie Engley, were both good. Natalie Butler and Anna Cashman made home runs. Rita Darling and Gladys Olson batted well for their teams.

At the end of the fifth inning the Red Sox led with the score 17-2. It looks as if the Red Sox might have a good chance at the championship.

—Condensed from Natalie Butler's report.

BASEBALL LEAGUE

The girls at North have just started their baseball season. The seventh and eighth grade girls are in one league, while the ninth and tenth grade girls have another league. Their games have been played at the Atlantic Playground.

So far the league stands as follows:

Seventh and Eighth Grade League

Team	Won	Lost	Default
Hit and Run	1	0	0
Giants	1	0	0
Yankees	0	1	0

Ninth and Tenth Grade League

Team	Won	Lost	Default
Red Sox	2	0	0
10th	0	1	0
Tinker Team	0	0	1

Later the two winning teams from each league will play for the championship.

George Howe

⁂ OUR MAIL BAG ⁂

Our exchange department has received, from nearly every state in the Union, magazines that are certainly interesting, and always containing something different.

The most outstanding magazine, "The Green and White", came from Manilla, Philippine Islands. It is the best organized of any we have seen, and contains many beautiful photographs.

We have also heard from the following magazines:

"The Menotomy Beacon"—Arlington, Massachusetts

"Langley Pilot"—Washington, D. C.

"The Gleaner"—Pawtucket, Rhode Island

"The Junior Pioneer"—Fall River, Massachusetts

"V. H. S. News"—Las Vegas, New Mexico

"The Skinner Citizen"—Denver, Colorado

"The Broadcaster"—Watertown, Massachusetts

"Briscoe Briefs"—Beverly, Massachusetts

"Roosevelt Outlook"—Germantown, Philadelphia

"Carter Chips"—Chelsea, Massachusetts

"The Vanguard"—Atlanta, Georgia

"The Ben Franklin"—Newcastle, Pennsylvania

"The Custiss Junior Citizen"—Williamsport, Pennsylvania

"William Wafers"—Chelsea, Massachusetts

"Golden Rod"—Quincy Senior High School, Quincy, Mass.

We are pleased with your cleverness in the April issue. The magazine is planned very well, and each department plainly represents itself.

Pete: "Mister, will you please hold my books?"

Principal: "Son, do you know that I am the principal of this school?"

Pete: "Oh, that is all right; you look honest enough."

—*"Golden Rod."*

"The Artisan"—Mechanic Arts High School, Boston, Mass.

We understand that you have a few comical "Confusing Moments."

He: "Waiter, there's a hair in this honey."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir. It must have come off the comb."

—*"The Artisan."*

"Radiator"—Somerville, Massachusetts.

We enjoyed your magazine and hope to hear from you in the future. Here is encouragement for someone:

ADVICE TO AN EDITOR

When you feel that things are slow,
When your stock of news runs low,
When there seems a woeful lack,
And the murder market's slack,
When, I say, you're short of copy,
Don't grow lachrymose and sloppy.

"Radiator."

"The Southern Bell"—Somerville, Massachusetts.

There was wonderful reading matter in your literary department concerning past history.

"The Bearcats Tale"—Arriba, Colorado.

Thank you for the compliment, and good luck to you in the future.

"The Gleaner"—Pawtucket, Rhode Island.

We took a fancy to the special number the "Freak."

"Sound Waves"—Waltham, Massachusetts.

We find that you have a most interesting literary department.

FREE VERSE—TAKE ONE

This is to tell
About the dumb-bell
Who came into the library
To get a book about baseball.
And who went away
With second volume
Of the encyclopedia
Because it was marked
On the back:
ATA—BOY!

—Somerville High School "Radiator."

The little boy said to his father: "Say, Dad, that apple I just ate had a worm in it, and I ate that, too."

"What?" said his startled parent; "here drink this water and wash it down."

But Junior shook his head: "Aw, let'im walk down."

—*Somerville High School "Radiator."*
GEORGE HOWE.

"The Transmitter"—West Newton, Massachusetts.

Variety is the salt and pepper of the life of your magazine.

"Roosevelt Outlook"—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Your magazine is well formed and complete in every detail. Your literary department should be complimented.

"The Western Star"—West Somerville, Massachusetts.

Your magazine both interests and informs the reader.

"The Artisan"—Boston, Massachusetts.

The magazine is well formed and the departments have carried out their work in a fine way.

"The Hatchet."

Your magazine is interesting, but stories and poems would be appreciated.

"The Curtin Junior Citizen"—Williamsport, Pennsylvania.

An interesting and entertaining magazine. Your cover design is especially appropriate.

"The Ben Franklin"—New Castle, Pennsylvania.

Your " Page of Fun" is especially entertaining; the whole magazine is interesting.

"Granite Chips"—Quincy, Massachusetts.

One of our best exchanges; your titles and departments are very interesting and original.

"The Clipper"—East Boston, Massachusetts.

A unique magazine that holds the reader to the last word.

"The Salt Shaker"—Salem, Massachusetts.

Your literary department is very well formed and is a sign of co-operation throughout the whole school.

Teacher: "Give me your paper as you pass out."

Dumbell: "You'll have to wait a long time for mine; I expect to live four or five years yet."

—*"The Rooseveltian."*

Reporting Hallowe'en vandalism in cemetery: "Many people came to see if their graves were dug up."

—*"The Transmitter."*

A wealthy society lady had just engaged a new maid and was instructing her.

"At dinner, Mary," she explained, "you must remember always to serve from the left and take from the right. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," answered the girl, "what's the matter, superstitious or something?"

—*"The Roosevelt Outlook."*

Visitor: "Do you know who I am?"

Willie: "Sure! don't you know who you are?"

"Western Star."

Ho: "So you graduated from the barbers' University. What was your college yell?"

Bo: "Cut his lip, rip his jaw,
Leave his face, raw, raw, raw.

Dad: "I hear my son has owed you for a suit for three years?"

Tailor: "Yes, would you like to settle his account."

Dad: "No, I want a suit on the same terms."

—JAMES JOHNSTONE.

Dorothy Finn

ALUMNI

Herbert C. Thomas, February, 1928, is now attending Massachusetts Institute of Technology and has received third honors there.

Walter Cooke, June, 1928, is now a pupil at Boston College High School, where he has received a medal for scholarship.

Chester Young, June, 1928, occupied the position of quarterback on the Tabor Aeademy football team last fall.

Annabelle Marr, February, 1929, is taking a post graduate course at Senior High School in preparation for Boston University.

Marion Moody, February, 1930, has obtained the high honor roll standard at the Nazareth High School, East Boston.

Benjamin Luftman, June, 1930, now attending Dorehester High School, plays a solo trumpet part in the band and orehestra, is assistant leader of the band, and also has his own radio orchestra.

Bernard Kane, June, 1931, now a student at Boston College High School, was a representative of the McElroy Debating Society at a debate held at the Saint Regis High School, New York City, this past spring.

THE JESTER'S COLUMN

THE SAME THING

Sunday School Teacher: "Now, children, you must never do anything in private that you wouldn't do in public."

Tough Tommy: "Hurray! No more baths!"—The American Boy.

She: "How did you get the habit of wearing your hair so long?"

He: "Oh, it just grew on me."—The American Boy.

Lady Customer (to milkman): "Is this milk fresh?"

Milkman: "Half-an-hour ago it was grass."—The Open Road.

Teacher: "Paul, why was Goliath so astonished when David hit him with a stone?"

Paul: "Such a thing never entered his head before."—The Menotomy Beacon.

Lady to Boy: "See here, young man, does your father know you smoke?"

Boy: "Say, lady, does your husband know you talk to strange men on the streets?"—The Clipper.

Man: "Why aren't you in school today?"
Boy: "Because he's sick."
Man: "Who's sick."
Boy: "The truant officer."—The Clipper.

A small boy leading a donkey, passed by an army camp. A couple of soldiers wanted to have some fun with the lad.

"What are you holding onto your brother so tight for, sonny?" said one of them.

"So he won't join the army," the youngster replied without blinking an eye.—The Ben Franklin.

Nit Wit: "So your wife came to you on her knees last night?"

Half Wit: "Yes, and she dared me to come out from under the bed."—Green and White.

Father: "I'm ashamed of you son. When George Washington was your age he had become a surveyor and was hard at work."

Son: "Well, Pop, when he was your age he was president of the United States."

Boss (pointing to a cigarette stub on the floor): "Smith, is that yours?"

Smith: "Not at all, Sir, you saw it first."—The Gleaner.

She: "Why are you so hoarse?"

He: "I was talking through a screen door and I strained my voice."

Mrs. MacPherson: "What'll we give Tommy for a birthday present? Last year we gave him a penny balloon."

Sandy: "Well, he's been a good laddie all year, so for his birthday we'll let him blow it up."—The Roosevelt Outlook.

Freshman: "I wonder if Mr. ——— meant anything when he gave me that ticket to the show 'The Boob'?"

Second Freshman: "Why?"

Freshman: "Well, the ticket reads 'Admit One'!"—The Artisan.

Rachel: "You viper."

Abie: "How did you know I was a window cleaner?"—The Artisan.

Prof: "If there are any dumb-bells in this class please stand up."

Slowly a freshman arose.

Prof.: "What, do you consider yourself a dumb-bell?"

Freshman: "Well, not exactly that, Sir, but I hate to see you standing alone."

Miss Billings: "Use the word tortuous in a sentence."

Freshman: "I tortuous gonna give us a vacation today."

Lady (buying fur coat): "Can I wear it in the rain without hurting it?"

Salesman: "Madam, did you ever see a rabbit carry an umbrella?"—The Vanguard.

"Pa," said J. W., "what becomes of a football player when his eyesight begins to fail?"

"They make a referee out of him," growled his Dad.—The Clarion.

Tommy: "When Ma asked me if I was eating jam, I said, 'Yes.'"

Johnny: "Why didn't you deny it?"

Tommy: "I didn't have the face to say, 'No.'"—V. H. S. News.

She: "What is a swimming hole?"

He: "A swimming hole is a body of water surrounded by boys"—V. H. S. News.

Then there was the man who lost his sharpshooter's medal because he had no aim in life.

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